

# The Grammarian



1989



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The Thirtieth  
Anniversary Edition  
of  
The Grammarian

# Dedication

We, the assistant editors, dedicate this Grammarian, in the thirtieth anniversary year, to those who have gone before us. To the students, who provided the energy the school needed to keep going; to the staff, who guided that energy; and to the founders, whose decisiveness, perseverance and initiative turned their idea into a reality.

Maggie Arnold

Andrew Sacamano



# Headmaster



In my work in education I am always conscious of a common thread of character running through a group of young people:

## LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

What does the future in our local world of HGS mean for us?

This, The THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY EDITION of the Grammarian, prompts us to dream into the future as much as reflect on the past.

It is gratifying that many of the Founders of the School attended our Anniversary Dinner to reminisce. However, it is important to note that they founded the school for future generations of young people, not themselves.

The Founders knew that the future would depend on contributions from all team members not just the Captain. This is still true today, whether in the classroom, on the sports field, or the stage. Today's team members are the students, staff and all who work here. Last year I encouraged students to become involved in school life. As we look forward to the next thirty years, I wish to broaden this challenge:

What can we, the team members, do to ensure that each year HGS is further down the road to the future, paving the way for the youngsters who will follow in our footsteps with excitement and anticipation?

This is a challenge to look outward beyond ourselves.

My best wishes to all readers of the GRAMMARIAN. I am sure you will enjoy the commentary on school life, reflections on student activity, and the photographic mosaic of the Anniversary Year.

Robin A.L. Hinnell

# Faculty

BACK ROW: Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Simms, Mrs. DeGrasse, Mrs. Meinertzhagen, Miss Whitehead, Mr. Marchand, Ms. Porteous, Mlle Henderson, Mr. Waldman.

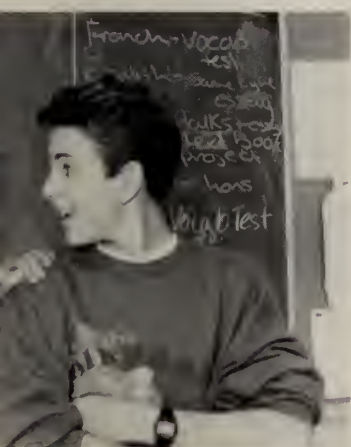
MIDDLE ROW: Mrs. Scobbie, Mme. Smith, Miss Tobin, Mrs. Cooper, Miss Meehan, Mrs. Moxon, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Aterman.

FRONT ROW: Dr. Chapman, Miss Silver, Mr. Evans.

ABSENT: Mr. Gray.







# Secretaries



Last year we were thinking about new beginnings with our new school. This year we are celebrating 30 years of the Halifax Grammar School. Can you imagine what our lives would have been had the founders not had the foresight and tenacity to develop HGS? Not as busy, or as happy, to be sure! We owe a great debt to this handful of people and to the others who have continued to build on the founders' dream. We're all benefitting from the reality and it's now up to all of us to continue to nurture and support OUR school to make sure it's the best it can be.

Here's to HGS in its 30th anniversary year and best wishes to its students who make our job so worthwhile.

Mrs. Gough and Mrs. Steeves

# Assistant Secretaries



It is very nice to see so many of the younger students taking part in the duties of the assistant secretary. It is sometimes hard to get people interested in what is often considered a dull job. Most importantly, we would like to thank Mrs. Gough and Mrs. Steeves for all their help and guidance throughout the year.

Maggie Arnold









# The Graduates

KIMBERLEY HAVERGAL BABCOCK

"Don't believe what your eyes are telling you. All they show is limitation. Look with your understanding, find out what you already know, and you'll see the way to fly."

-Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Kim likes to dance on tables, and although she only joined our class last year, we cannot imagine it without her constant energy and good cheer. She often has sudden inspirations as a result of which she jumps in her chair and excitedly clamours to announce her original ideas; thus she has enthusiastically contributed to activities like Council, SAC, and the French Exchange, and has also been a member of the volleyball and basketball teams. She is also skilled at swimming, football, and hockey, in which she must be watched around the net. She will also be remembered for the "Ditz Ponytail," "Cute Guys," being an elegant hostess, and leading AC/DC. We are sure that she will do well in and enjoy her future endeavours. Good luck, Kim.



ANDREW FELIX BATCUP

"My mama didn't raise no fool."

-Tootie Ramsey

Felix is a fashionable fellow who will be remembered for his flowery track pants and his enthusiasm for bop dance music and crawling the mall. His diligent training on the track has paid off by making him famous for his speed and his rabbit-like ability to leap and bound. He has also made prominent contributions over the years to the annual school play and to the volleyball team, while maintaining an excellent academic standing. His talent for art and design has given us this year's HGS 30th Anniversary logo and T-shirt. Felix plans to continue in this field in the future; we are sure he will be successful in this and other pursuits and we wish him the best of luck.





## JEAN-PAUL BEWERS

"Every dogma has its day."  
- The Seventh Doctor

J. -P. has often been compared to James Bond. This is perhaps because he has a habit of surprising people, and perhaps also because of his frequent international jetsetting, during which he meets many celebrities. He is an impervious defenseman in our hockey games, and has been a valuable contributor to the school soccer and volleyball teams. As well, he is running the badminton club this year. He will be remembered for being a Strat-O-Matic fanatic if there ever was one, who, for example, laminated his Strato cards; for his twenty-foot long multicoloured Dr. Who scarf; and for his remarkable Quebecois accent. He plans to study actuarial science, and our best wishes go with him in all his endeavours.



## ROBERT BOYD CARTER

"I have climbed the highest mountains / I have run through the fields / ... But I still haven't found / What I'm looking for."

- Bono

When he walks down the hall, he smiles at everyone; everyone that he meets calls him Bob ... Bob's St. Nick-like personality has made him a well-known and favorite figure throughout the school, and the announcement of his name always draws loud shouts and cheers. He is always present and willing to help out at any activity; it seems to be a class pastime to see how many people we can fit into the Bobmobile. Indeed, if Bob could be of service by hanging upside-down from a chandelier for a couple of hours, he would say "No problem". He has been a valuable and whole-hearted contributor on the school basketball team, and in any other classes or activities in which he has taken part. We are sure that he will continue to be a worthy guardian of the Sack of Excellence, and of the spirit of our class. Best wishes, Bob!

## JONATHAN DAVID COOK

"When down in the mouth, remember Jonah: he came out all right."  
- Thomas Edison

Who is the funny fellow? Jon's easygoing nature has been valued in his twelve years of loyal attendance at the school. At the end of Grade 10, we lamented the reports of his impending departure, but, on the second day of school the next year, we were met by a mysterious figure with a paper bag on his head who, much to our surprise and merriment, turned out to be our beloved Cooker. He is famous for his wicked harmonica playing and knowledge of music in general, his soccer and volleyball talents, and his hair (because of either its length or lack thereof). We know that Jon will do well in and enjoy whatever he may undertake, and our best wishes will be with him.





JOHN GOULD

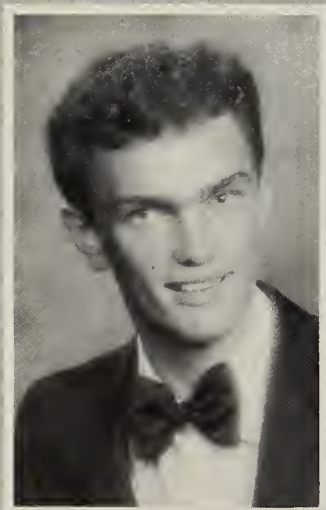
"The mistake was in not forbidding the serpent; then Adam would have eaten the serpent."  
-Mark Twain

Since he came to the class one November day in Grade 8, John has become the center of a great body of legendary lore. It is hard to believe that it has been only three years since he founded the KAZOO, now an institution at HGS. He has been very active in drama and photography, and is vice-president of this year's Student Council. Above all, however, John's excellence has helped make our classroom the weird and wonderful place it has been over the past few years. He wore a beard to ROSE, melted a Storm Trooper for Art, confessed to being the Midnight Skulker, taped a personal letter to graffitiists to a library cubicle, blasts classical music from his car, hit his head to the tune of "A Three-Foot Antichrist," and rallied the Bogged-Down Union in their eternal march to justice. Thus we can only begin to imagine the extraordinary feats he will undertake in the future. May the Force be with you, Goulder.

MISHKO LEIF HANSEN

"To each their own."  
-somebody famous

Mishko has made his name as a wizard in the hockey pool, in which he has never settled for less than first place; in his encyclopedic familiarity with the Book of Spells in D&D; and in the world of high finance, in which, as last year's business editor, he propelled the GRAMMARIAN back into the black. His talent for innovation resulted in a few days of Killer in Grade 9, in which the whole class chased each other through the halls of HGS while brandishing bananas, and, more recently, has yielded new trends in Strat-O-Matic thought. Mishko will also be remembered as the school chess champion. Over the years, he has been a valuable member of the school soccer and basketball teams. We will miss Mishko's whole-hearted thoughtfulness and his candid, observant wit, and know he will succeed in whatever he may undertake. Good luck!



MARTIN HOLLAND, ESQ.

"The difference between genius and stupidity is that genius has its limits."  
-Albert Einstein

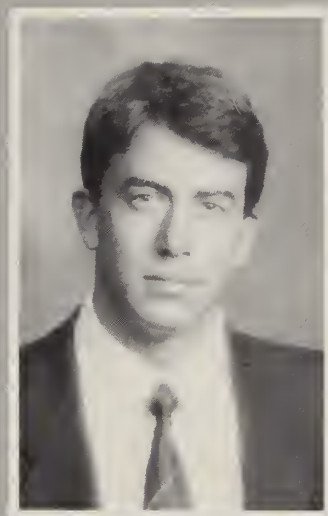
Martin is tall. But we state the obvious. Since his arrival in the class last year, he has proven to be of consistent good cheer, and is often to be seen sprawled over a piece of furniture in either the common (Montgomery) room or the art room, involved in a discussion or telling a riveting story. He is an inexhaustible defender of the oppressed, and was once witnessed putting nickels in expired parking meters just ahead of an evil officer of the law. We wish Martin the best of luck in the Reserves next year and in all of his future endeavours.



## JASON BENJAMIN HOLT

"Idealism is what precedes experience; cynicism is what follows."  
-David T. Wolf

Jason is an athlete, and a blues man. He has been a valuable member of the school soccer and volleyball teams; some of the many other sports in which he is proficient include baseball, hockey, swimming, horse riding, and even poker. Even though we have the impression his house remains beneath twenty feet of snow during the winter, he has managed to get safely to school here since Grade 2. He is a party animal, because in Grade 7, he had a party at his house with a disco light, at which he taught Clare how to jump like David Lee Roth. Above all else, Jason has excelled in all of his endeavours, both academic and athletic, and we are sure that he will continue to do so at Acadia University. Aaay, Holter!



## MICHAEL WAI JONG KIANG

'Supposing a tree fell down, Pooh, when we were underneath it?'  
'Supposing it didn't,' said Pooh, after careful thought.

-A.A. Milne

Since Grade 8, the Kianger has been a source of constant humour and goodwill in the class. Often, Chez Robert's favorite customer can be found walking down the halls of HGS with loud Irish music emanating from his briefcase (the Executive Ghetto Blaster). He has been editor of the GRAMMARIAN, editor of the KAZOO, a member of the debating club, and the president of the Student Council. As well, he is a founding member of hockey mania, the inventor of the Chem I Jazz Quartet (and  $H_2SO_4$  Blues), a compiler of Country Life and the Page of Uncommon Names, and the literary genius who created Slim and Lefty Haiku. All the while, he has maintained a consistently excellent academic average and has always been a respected and devoted friend. We wish him good luck in his future endeavours. Cheers.

## PAUL W. KLONOWSKI

"Never let your sense of morals prevent you from doing what is right."  
-Isaac Asimov

It was only midway through Grade 11 that Paul joined us, but he has proven himself to be a quietly attentive member of the class who is always willing to contribute his share to its activities. He is on the senior boys' soccer team and is a member of the badminton club, has impressed us with his artistic talents, and can often be found in the Physics Lab steadfastly attempting to beat the Chess Computer. We will also remember him for scoring our first goal in last year's incredible summit floor hockey game. We wish him the best in everything that he may undertake in the future.





ANDREA MARION MCCULLOCH

"We was lookin' at each other ... an' findin' out about ourselves - It is 't these times that I remember ..."

-Bob Dylan, 1963

Andrea has been here since Grade 2, and since then has been both the quietest and the and the loudest member of the class, depending upon how you look at it. With unassuming good nature, she has contributed much to the swellness of the school. Among countless other things, she has been a dedicated athlete, a member of Student Council, and a talented actress, as well as a true leader of school spirit in general. Outside of the school, she is very much involved in singing, piano, dance, and drama, and in fact has left few artistic mediums unconquered. Andrea's thoughtful and cheerful nature has been of infinite value to us all. Take care, Andrea.

NAZNEEN MEHDI

"He flung himself upon his horse and rode off madly in all directions."

-Stephen Leacock

Nazneen arrived in Halifax and at HGS only at the beginning of this year, from Toronto. Since then, however, she has confidently and cheerfully adjusted to the school and her lively good nature has made her easily become part of the class. She is often seen in her car, driving to and from faraway places, including her house. Outside of school, her interests include both listening to and playing music, dancing, and fencing. She is considering studying science at university next year and we wish her good luck in the future.

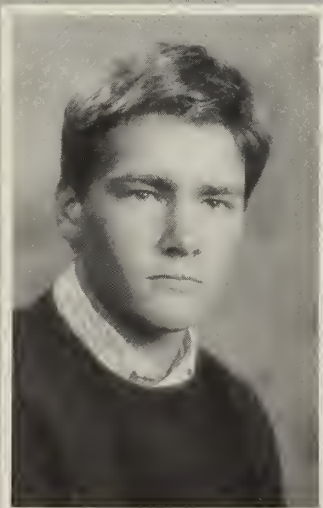


MICHAEL JOHN CHRISTOPHER RISLEY

"I ain't got no time to bleed."

-Jesse Ventura

A few of us were walking along a quiet street in south-end Halifax the other day when a mighty 4x4 passed us and proceeded to mount the sidewalk at a 90-degree angle a few yards in front of us. It was the Rizzer, just stopping to say hello. We have come to expect the unexpected from Mike. He is capable of provoking a bit of a brawl on a winter's day on the sidewalk of Inglis Street, or of flying some members of the class to Montreal in a private jet to watch an NHL play-off game. He is also a survivalist who thinks nothing of spending nine hours in the pit. We all know, however, that beneath his full camouflage attire, Mike is a loyal friend with a welcome sense of humour who will always be at the heart of our class. Our very best wishes go with him.



## CLARE ROSCOE

"No matter how stretched out your future seems in front of you, there is always a bend in the road. It has a fascination of its own of what new landscapes - what new beauties - what new curves, hills and valleys lie further on."

-L.M. Montgomery

Clare's eternal enthusiasm, even for things as humble as penicillin, dried apricots, and biology labs, has brightened up the class on many an occasion. She is known for her knowledge of volleyball songs and of "Gone With The Wind," and her Vanna impersonations. Her energy is reflected in her contributions to the volleyball, basketball, soccer, and rugby teams, her accomplishments in sailing and dance, and her prominent roles in the school plays. At the same time, she has consistently maintained an excellent academic standing, and is a trusted and respected friend. We know that her cheerfulness will help bring her continued success in her future projects, which include attending Queen's University, and an eventual career in medicine. Good luck, Clare.



## BILL SAID

"Father calls me William, sister calls me Will, Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!"

-Eugene Fields

The adjective 'same,' which is often used in our class, describes no one better than it does Bill. In his twelve years of quiet but constant participation in the class during which he has no doubt sphinxlike seen everything Bill has been a universal constant, much like pi, e, or g, and thus has helped keep everybody sane (even though we are not so sane - nice try, anyway, Bill). We will remember Bill for, among an infinity of other things, his uncontrollable laughter, his wicked badminton smash, the Way of the Exploding Fist, the bus, and, according to the Cooker, the face he makes when he puts his lips up and only his teeth are there. Bill's plans include a career in sports management, and in this and other endeavours our best wishes go with him.

## JANE MARGARET FAIRGRIEVE SODERO

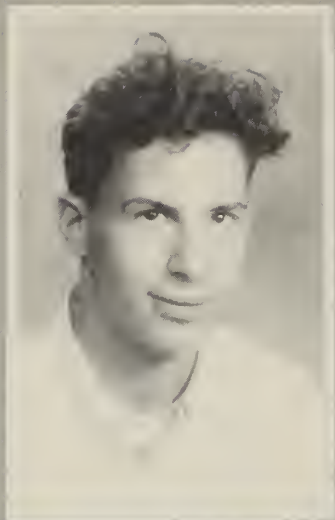
"There is a time of speaking and a time of being still."

-William Caxton

Since she first came to the school in Grade 10, Jane has emerged as an active member of the class, valued for her quiet good nature and sense of humour and her constant willingness to contribute to any activity. She has been a member of the senior girls' volleyball team and the badminton club, and has also impressed us with her skill at canoeing, and at making at moment's notice the rather short jaunt between the school and her home. Jane is highly accomplished in her hobbies of stamp collecting and the outdoors. She plans to study archaeology at university, and we wish her the best of luck in all her future endeavours.







JARED STERN

"Please don't sandblast my house."  
-a friend

Since coming in Grade 10, Jared has distinguished himself as the class champion of the avant-garde. He is not one to blend into the woodwork even though there is not much woodwork in the school, and this is reflected in his distinctive wardrobe and in the mystery of his true hair colour. He is a dean of the obscure, especially in music, and thus has not ruled out the possibility of studying popular culture at Bowling Green State University. It has been said that he drives as if it is going out of style. We will remember Jared for his eccentric wit, his imitation of accents, his story-telling tactics in which he looks at a point slightly beyond your left ear, and taps you on the arm with the back of his hand, and his contributions to the basketball and volleyball teams. We would like him to have our best wishes in all his future endeavours.

HUGH AN-ZEN THOMPSON

"Thrusting my nose firmly between his teeth, I threw him heavily to the ground on top of me."

Mark Twain

Because Hugh eats too much chocolate, he is sometimes a little high-strung. His energy, however, is reflected above all in his unselfish contribution of his talents to activities like the GRAMMARIAN, the soccer team, Amnesty International, and the badminton club, among many others. Indeed, Hugh is highly accomplished in a great variety of areas, including science (it has been said that if someone in the class knew how to make a nuclear bomb, it would be he - no funny ideas, Hugh), math, art, photography, soccer, cycling, and the outdoors. He is known for his daily row across the arm, for his skill at Descartes' Gocarts, and for hanging out in Hamilton. Many of us have cheered for Hugh the underdog in his vocal pleas for justice upon being unceremoniously dumped in the garbage can by the Rizzer. We will remember Hugh's good-natured sense of humour and many contributions to our class and wish him the best of luck.



JENNIFER ANN TRABERT

"Life's a tough proposition, and the first hundred years are the hardest."  
-Wilson Mizner

Upon joining the class in Grade 9, Jen impressed us by taking a holiday to see Sting. The many travels she has made since then have been to important fencing tournaments, and we have become accustomed to finding her name in the sports headlines of the morning paper. She has balanced this and other activities such as basketball, editing the GRAMMARIAN, and playing the drums with an excellent academic average. We must also thank her for planning our trip to Europe. It is hard to track Jen (even for Rizzer); she is always flitting up and down the halls from one place to another, and is never to be found in the lounge. We will remember her for her zany sense of humour that has shown itself in her hobby of blackboard drawings, and in those slippers. We know that Jen will excel in whatever she may undertake and wish her the best of luck.



## GRANT STUART WONG

"On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."  
-W.C. Fields

One cannot think of the Wonger without thinking of the way he suddenly arches over backward, looks skyward with a big smile, and says "Uh!" He has excelled in competitive swimming and has also impressed us with his talents in a multitude of other sports, including tennis, hockey (in which he is Hextall), and basketball (Worthy). His teasing but good-natured sense of humour has proven its popularity by making many well-known contributions to the class vocabulary. In five years at HGS, he has been a serious and consistent student; he has also participated on school sports teams and is our class representative this year on Student Council. He plans to study journalism in university. All the best, Grant, live long, and prosper, and everything.



## A PHRASEBOOK OF COLLOQUIAL USAGE OF THE CLASS OF '89

AE interj. an exclamation of greeting.

ARTISAN n. loser; schlemiel. - artisan of female persuasion.

BIG prefix to a proper name indicating familiarity. - Big Hugh, big dude, big cheat.

BOGGED n. to have an inordinate amount of homework to do. - "We are so bogged down!"

BOGGED-DOWN UNION n. union of the class formed against intolerable working conditions. abbrev. BDU.

CLASS adj. refers to an object which does not seem to belong to anybody and thus is perceived to belong to the entire class. - class rosary, class Elvis.

COMMANDO adj. to be physically dexterous. - Commando Riz jumped into the BFI bin with a single bound.  
to be physically dexterous. - Commando Riz jumped into the BFI bin with a single bound.

COMMUNIST adj. very bad; intolerable. - "I cut my hand again on these communist lockers!"

DELUXE adj. wonderful; excellent. - It was deluxe of you to lend me your knife-throwing book.

DICARDO same as STUDLEY.

DNSWYM abbrev. for 'does not say what you mean.'

-ER a suffix to a proper name, used to indicate familiarity or mock familiarity. - Rizzer, the Holter. The Babcocker, the Batcupper, the Bewerser. The Gretzkyer.

FROZEN SHUT the state of a window which Bob cannot open.

HUIS CLOS n. the storage room located off 201.

JONAH n. an imaginary non-existent member of the class; an imaginary scapegoat. - "Was it one of you that dropped this cake on the carpet?" "No, it was Jonah."

McVICAR same as STUDLEY

-MOBILE suffix indicating ownership of a vehicle. - The Jaredmobile burst into flames.

NINJA adj. same as COMMANDO.

POOL n. 1. the hockey pool to which various members of the class belong. 2. the weekly sheet showing the standings in this hockey pool. - "Where is the pool?" "It is in the Kianger's briefcase." 3. any similar organization for betting. - stock pool, darts pool, absentia pool.

SACK OF EXCELLENCE n. a yellow canvas pencil bag belonging first to John Gould and then to Bob Carter.

SHMANCE n. any dance held at Queen Elizabeth High School. - The schmance tonight will last until sunrise.

STRATO n. contraction of 'Strat-O-Matic Hockey,' a board game frequently played by certain members of the class, or, as a whole, the blue suitcase containing it. - "Oh, no! Mr. X has stolen the Strato!"

STUDLEY a derogatory epithet.

SUBJONCTIF adj. tedious, tiresome. - "This calculus drill is subjonctif!"

SUPREME adj. same as DELUXE.

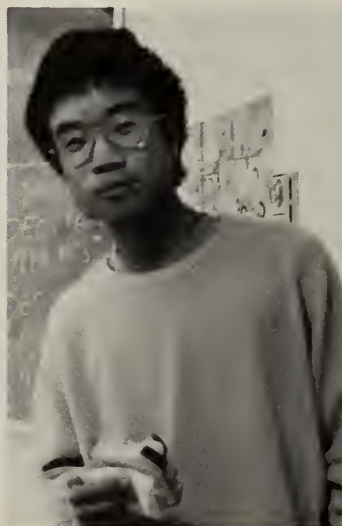
TELEPORT n. in the old building, the door which joined the library and the homeroom 205, through which one could pass into the homeroom even when its door was locked after hours.

VOULEZ-VOUS DU LAIT? a derogatory remark aimed at John Gould.

WEDGE n. a variation of the game soccer, once played in a parking lot at Kejimikujik National Park.

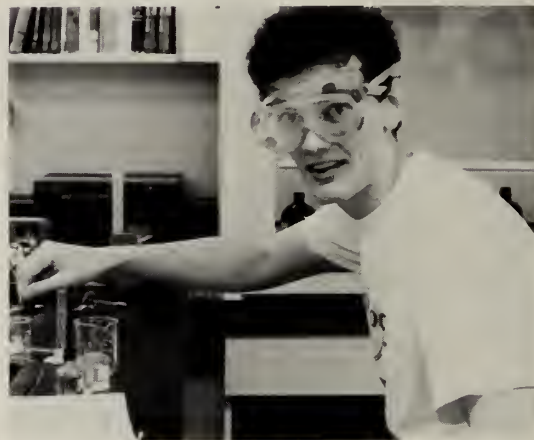
3:15 1. n. the end of the school day. 2. the end of any class. 3. an interjection variously indicating finality, impatience, threat, or jubilation. 4. something funny.

This class is deluxe,  
John Gould  
Michael Kiang  
Clare Roscoe  
(on behalf of the Graduates)











# Prep School



# Primary



ROBERT. JAMIE  
IANC D R E JONATHAN  
ALEX RICHARD AN  
LAUREN RYRIE  
ALETIS PAUL  
JOSH MONTY  
STEVIE IAN  
ADAM



(Left)  
Stevie Brooke  
Alex Kitz

(Right) Clockwise: Mrs.  
Moxon, Jonathan Kynock,  
Joshua Fee, Ryrie Van-  
dewater, Christopher Arsen-  
ault.

(Right) Clockwise:  
Mrs. Moxon, Jonathan  
Kynock, Joshua Fee, Ryrie  
Vandewater, Christopher  
Arsenault.





Adam Conter, Lauren Rosen, Alexis Granelli.



Stevie Brooke, Jamie Schwartz, Ryrie Vanderwater.



Joshua Fee, Ian Wilson, Drew McKenna, Alex Kitz.



Ryrie Vanderwater, Jamie Schwartz, Paul Radchuk, Richard Roda.





# Prep One

## If I Was Magic

If I was magic I'd turn my brother into a school.  
 If I was magic I would turn my dog into my girlfriend.  
 If I was magic I would turn mom into a princess.  
 If I was magic I would turn my GIJoe into a real GIJoe.



## The Wizard

One day the wizard was walking in the woods. He saw a ghost! The ghost said, "Woooo." The wizard said, "I'm the one and only wizard." When he went back to his house he ran up to his room and shut the door. When his mommy came home he told her what happened. So she had a talk with this ghost, and the mommy said, "You thing-a-ma-bob! Why don't you pick on someone your own size!"

-Ashleigh McKenna

## What this school really needs is ...

Anthony-a canteen that sells dessert after lunch.  
 Marc-treasure hunts for gold.  
 Ivan-a great pumpkin to hide in.  
 Adam-a submarine, an army and a rocket.  
 Lizzie-a skating rink in the backyard.  
 Jeremy-coconuts growing in the backyard so we can eat them for snack.  
 Linnet-a ball (dance) every recess.  
 Darah-a hot place with a fireplace at the end of the back field.  
 Kathryn-Disney World.  
 Jason-an airplane.  
 Alexa-a haunted house in the back field.  
 Krista-mountains to climb.  
 Tressa-chocolate trees.  
 Ashleigh-a swimming pool.  
 Quynn-Minnie and Mickey Mouse.  
 Craig-a circus fun house.  
 Jeff-all kinds of motorcycles.  
 Michael-a wooden pirate ship in the back field.  
 Charlie-a wooden fort in the back field for boys and girls.



Darah Gaum, Tressa LeBlanc, Alexis Green, Kathryn Green.





Charlie Underwood, Jeff Roy, Craig Oliver, Jeremy Ewing, Marc Beauchamp, Anthony Abato.

Hi, I'm a magic snail. I have big adventures like this one. I can do anything I want to do. I love flying in the sky. Sometimes I do not like where I'm going and I end up in the clouds. I'm scared because I'm high in the sky.

-Marc Beauchamp



Krista Landrigan, Quynn Morehouse, Linnet Finley, Lizzie Dodds, Ashleigh McKenna.



Jason Giovannetti, Michael Smith, Ivan Bercholz, Adam Digby.

### The Little Thing

Once upon a time there was a girl. She played. Then she found a little thing. The little thing was a dog. "May I keep you? Play with me."

"OK, you can keep me."

Quynn Morehouse

# Prep Two

Once upon a time, there was a turkey in the yard, talking about how to escape. Then he got an idea. He knew that Thanksgiving was coming up, so men were coming up to find some turkey for Thanksgiving. The next day they came so they took the turkey. He jumped up and escaped and found a new master and lived happily ever after.

-Alexa Smith

My wish is very prickly,  
My wish is very green,  
My wish is very decorative,  
My wish is a Christmas tree.

-Ashley Seaman

The Sun Is Beautiful Because

The sun is beautiful because  
It helps make a rainbow  
That shines over all  
And warms all the people  
In winter and fall  
It's the lord of the sky  
And it will never die.

-Lauren Abrahams

One day I was walking down the street and I came across a haunted mansion. I went inside. Then six goblins and one hundred and nine skeletons and twenty slime balls fell on me. I ran upstairs and the same thing happened upstairs so I ran out of the house. Then I ran back home and I was an old man ever since and I missed seventeen birthdays.

-James Wolff

One day when I was home, I went outdoors to see a rainbow. I followed the rainbow to the end of it and found a treasure map. I followed the map. It led me to a cave. It was dark. I went in. I was scared. Then the lights turned on. I closed my eyes. Then I opened my eyes! I saw a monster! I was scared!!! I ran away. Fast! Fast! Faster! I came to a lake. I swam away. I got out. There was my mom and dad. Then I woke up. It was only a dream!

-Jennifer Wheatley



Monday, October 24, 1988

I went to bed, and I woke up in the middle of the night. I went to get my flashlight. I felt something icy. It rushed up to my arm. I went up to its head. I ran down its nose. Then I went down to its mouth. Oh no! I screamed. It went snap at my two fingers. Snap! Oh gosh! It ate my hand! Snap! It ate my arm! Snap! It ate my legs! Snap! It ate my tum tum mmmmmmmmm! Boooooo!

-Zoe Nichols





My wish has sharp teeth,  
 My wish roars whenever it leaps,  
 My wish knows how to hunt,  
 My wish can fight,  
 My wish is strong,  
 My wish has a mane,  
 My wish can hide in the long grass,  
 My wish is a lion.

-James Perry

My wish is the black stallion,  
 My wish is a moat full of gold,  
 My wish is steel swords,  
 My wish is steel shields.

-Ryan Loomis

My wish is red,  
 My wish is in my body,  
 My wish pumps,  
 My wish is a heart.

-Michael DeGrasse

### The Bottle

A long time ago when I was five years old, me and my brother were at our cottage. We were bored so my dad said "Why don't we go and throw bottles out in the water?" My brother thought that he was joking. My dad said "I'm not joking." So me and Michael went to get our bottles and then my dad wrote a message and put it in the bottles. Then we drove to the beach and threw the bottles into the water. Then we went back to the cottage and started to pack to go home. After two years I got a response but we couldn't read it because it was written in French. After we found it out I could not believe he found my bottle after two years.

-Alexa Smith



Eric Demaine, Adam Denton, Ashoka Murko.

### The Soup

One day I made some soup. This is what I used- a pig, a lizard, an alligator, a hamster, a fly, a dog, a skeleton, a cat, a person, a piece of paper, an owlet, and a little boy called Jamie Reid.

-Thomas Brooks

My wish is round with lots of colour,  
 My wish is high up in the sky,  
 My wish is beautiful,  
 My wish is a rainbow.

-Alexa Smith



Front: Alexa Smith, Jessica Burnstein.  
 Back: Lauren Abrahams, Zoe Nichols, Laura Gray.

James Perry, Jamie Reid, Lewis Wolff, Ryan Loomis, Thomas Brooks.



## P.2. Cont....

### Remembrance Day

On Sunday it was Remembrance Day and I was in a church parade. We stood around a monument remembering about the people who died in the Wars. A man called out the names of who died in World War I and II. Another man played on a trumpet, the Last Post and then the bag pipes played and two men put a wreath on the monument.

-James Perry

### If I Were A Teacher I Would ...

Lauren-have pizza every day and write all over the classroom  
Thomas-make recess be a decade, and school for the rest of your life  
Jessica-let the kids play with the Colour-Factor set 1000 times a day  
Michael-make recess at 10:16 and Library at 10:19  
Erik-have French cancelled, do Art 3 times a day, and mathbook for 6 hours  
Adam-make everyone be good in class, and make them do their work  
Laura-give them a lollipop if they were quiet for the first day of school  
Ryan-have fencing and science and storytime for 4 hours  
Billy-make the girls do times tables if they are bad  
Ashoka-make everyone have one hour gametime and one library a day  
Zoe-give math when they come in and then work in their journals for an hour  
James-let the students on Monday have a 24 hour recess  
Jamie-have book buddies for three hours  
Ashley-teach math, make art longer and keep the kids quiet  
Alexa-have art 30 times a week, gym 10 times a week, and give two hundred dollars to my student  
Jennifer-put all the milk in the garbage and turn them into chocolate sundaes for only the girls  
James-make them stay after school and write lines  
Lewis-make the kids do their homework  
Nicholas-let all the students run on the tables and kick the chairs about

My wish is black and white,  
My wish is a BIG rectangle,  
My wish is music,  
My wish is to be a pianist.

-Jessica Burnstein

My wish is yellow,  
My wish is fast,  
My wish has sharp claws,  
My wish has black spots,  
My wish has sharp teeth,  
My wish is a cheeta.

-Billy Mastrapas

### Who Are You?

Who are you  
With the big black mask  
Around your eyes?  
You have a task  
To hunt in my garbage pail.  
Who are you  
With the black and white tail?

-Lauren Abrahams

My wish is to be strong,  
My wish is to fly,  
My wish is to be blue,  
My wish is to be SUPERMAN!

-Lewis Wolff



Jennifer Wheatley, Ashley Seaman.



James Wolff, Michael DeGrasse, Billy Mastrapas, Nicholas Woolnough.



# Prep Three

When we were in Hawaii, we were out swimming in the ocean and I forgot that there was a drop-off. There were really BIG waves and when I stepped into the drop-off a giant wave came and I started drowning. But then I just scrambled out just in time and I got onto the beach. While that was happening, my brother had this big big inflatable whale and he lost it. It started going way way out into the ocean. My brother and my dad started swimming after it but somebody else caught it for him. After I scrambled out I ran all the way up to the hotel and I waited there. My Mom was so worried that she had practically everybody on the beach looking for me.

-Matthew Brannon



Matt Brannon, Josh Ewing, Andrew Muncaster, Noah Watson.



The scariest thing that ever happened to me was one day when we were sailing on our J-35 when all of a sudden we got a knock-down. (The wind really pushes hard on the sails and it can only happen if you have a spinnaker up). Then when the wind died down, we came right way up again.

Evan Petley-Jones

The scariest and funniest thing that ever happened to me was when I was going to bed and I wanted the closet door shut. Then my dad turned around to kiss me goodnight, and all of a sudden, there was this paw coming out from under the CLOSET DOOR!!! And then dad jumped out of his socks and realized it was P.J. my cat.

Noah Watson

Meg Pooley, Fiona Liston, Kenzie MacDonald.

The funniest and sort of scariest thing that ever happened was when I was about ... um ... let's see ... probably about two years old. I was in Texas and my mom said to my cousin that he was supposed to take care of me. It was around an apartment where we used to live. There was a pool outside in the front of it and I was on the side of the pool and I went flopping in and my cousin got really worried and I was rolling all over in the water. Then my mom took me out.

Toby Stoltz



# P3 Cont....



Toby Stoltz, Danny Roscoe, John Beauchamp, Zavin Nazaretian.

The scariest thing that ever happened to me was when I was at my grampy's farm and I was riding my bike up his long driveway. A truck was coming towards me so I turned around and started going the other way, but I slipped off my bike and the truck kept on going. When the truck was around an inch and a half away from me, it stopped and the man helped me on my bike. We went inside and had hot chocolate and cookies.

Danny Roscoe

## If I Was Stranded On A Desert Island I Would Really Miss ...

John-my Top Gun video  
 Matthew-junk food  
 Joshua-my room  
 Peter-my fishing stuff  
 Fiona-my teddybear  
 Kenzie-my family  
 Andrew-my stuffed animal, Sunball  
 Zavin-air conditioning  
 Jenny-a boat  
 Evan-my cat, Charlotte  
 Meg-my mother  
 Danny-my parents  
 Toby-D+D  
 Noah-Hanukah  
 Chandali-playing Barbie and not seeing Miss Gillan  
 Miss Gillan-toasted bagels with peanut butter

Once when I was two years old, I was playing on the deck and I was going to walk down the stairs. The banister along the side of the stairs had nothing under it except three wooden supports. I was walking over and I looked through and suddenly I fell down about six feet. I think I was sort of paralyzed and I was really crying. My Mom and Dad came immediately to help me.

John Beauchamp

The funniest thing that ever happened to me: Once I set up an obstacle course on my bed for my little sister and when she jumped over all the pillows, she jumped off the end of the bed, flipped in the air, and hit my couch. She fell on the floor and my Mom came up and said, "Are you okay?" and I was standing there staring at her. After my Mom asked her if she was okay, my little sister said, "Fun! Me do again!!!!"

Zavin Nazaretian



Chandali Mukpo, Jenny Oliver, Peter Hunter.



The weirdest thing that's ever happened to me was when I had my birthday party. When Matthew, Noah, Zavin, Evan and Andrew came over for a sleepover birthday party, just when it was time to go to bed, after my dad had left the room, Matthew picked up a piece of CONSTRUCTS from a big bin behind him and threw it at Evan. Then Evan threw it back at Andrew and Andrew looked at it. Then he took another piece that glowed in the dark and he made a little spaceship and threw it at Noah. Then Matthew took Andrew's stuffed animal Sunball and threw it at me! I threw it across the room and it hit my brother's Godzilla off his dresser and it fell and made a big sound. His head popped off and his tail fell off too. Andrew got out of his sleeping bag and went and got Sunball. Then Matthew took his sleeping bag and moved over by Noah. Noah and Matthew squashed themselves in my brother's bed. (My brother wasn't in the bed.)

Joshua Ewing



The scariest and funniest thing that ever happened to me was when I went sailing once with one of my co-ordinators. We were all out in the water with our sailboats and we had a water fight with all these buckets. It was scary because after that, our instructor came out and started screaming and we started throwing the water out of the boat and it began to tip. It was really on an angle and we almost tipped.

Jenny Oliver

The scariest thing that ever happened to me was when I was about 7 years old. I was in the country in our cottage and my mom was scolding me (I forget why). When I slid on the floor when I was trying to get away from my Mom, there was a rusty bed piece and it was sticking out. I slid across and cut my side open. I didn't need stitches so I was pretty lucky. My Mom rushed me onto a bed and got the first aid kit.

Peter Hunter

The scariest thing that ever happened to me was when my family and my grandparents were going to a beach. When we got there, we relaxed on the beach for awhile and while my brother and I were swimming, my grandparents and my mother and father went out for a walk in the woods. When my brother and I came out of the water, I asked where they were. They said they were out for a walk picking blueberries. I wanted to go and help them, and no one else wanted to go with me, so I went out by myself. I was walking along and calling for my mom. Then I saw my grandfather and he said that they weren't very far in the woods, so I walked a little further and kept on calling. Then I saw two containers of blueberries under a bush. I kept on walking and calling until I came to two paths and I didn't know which path to take. I felt really scared and felt like crying, so decided to turn around and go back. When I was walking in the woods I heard some rustling in the bushes, and then I saw a yellow head peek out at me. It was a dog. I followed the dog onto the beach and there was a lady sunbathing. I kind of scared the lady because she didn't think anyone was around. I sat on the rock and started to talk to her and I told her what had happened. Then I saw Mommy coming down from the woods. I ran to her and asked her where she had been and she said that she went for a walk. I showed her the containers that I found and she said that she had set them under a bush while they walked. I asked her where the others were and she said that they had walked on further. Me and Mommy walked back to the beach and had a swim together. Then we saw the others coming back and Dad gave us some money for the canteen.

Fiona Liston



# Prep Four

The best thing about Prep Four is ...

Tara-the gerbils  
 Joanne-that we barely get any homework  
 Ian-Math  
 Kevin-Geography  
 Rebecca-writing assignments  
 Alicia-Gym, Mr. Marchand and gerbils  
 Erika-the gerbils and gym  
 Jennifer G.-just about everything  
 Jennifer D.-Mr. Marchand  
 Meredith-computer and Carmen Santiago  
 Vanessa-Science and Social Studies  
 David-nothing  
 Rushmi-Mr. Marchand's sense of humour  
 Mark-making friends  
 Joseph-the vile math problems  
 Daniel F.-nothing  
 Peter-recess and lunch  
 Jenny-the books and Meredith  
 Gregg-the personalities of people  
 Natalie-the meanness of Mr. Marchand  
 Bethany-that Mr. Marchand is so nice  
 Sara-that we are an older grade  
 Daniel O.-the cubby area stinks  
 Gowan-Math  
 Billy-maps, computer, globes, books, the teachers,  
 and the kids  
 Edward-our TEACHERS!



Jenny Chetwynd, Meredith Murphy, Tara Waldman.

## Mud

Mud is gooey mushy stuff  
 That can get stuck under a cuff.  
 Mud is rotten unlike cotton  
 And reminds me of David Totten.  
 Mud is soft but not like pandas  
 Instead it's like smushed bananas.  
 Mud can be very weird to your toes  
 And no better to your nose.  
 Now I have finished my little poem  
 I hope it is not muddy on my way home.

-Tara Waldman



Mark Henderson, David Totten, Gregg Davis.







Joanne Coxon, Joseph Rosenberg, Natalie Glube.

## Bats

Bats are creepy; bats are scary;  
Some bats live in cemeteries;  
Bats like Batman; bats don't like dogs;  
Bats only play tag with rats and frogs;  
Bats come in sizes large and small;  
Upside down, they never can fall;  
Bats are nosy; bats aren't cosy;  
Bats remind me of Lugoel;  
Bats are not the friends of children;  
They're afraid that bats will kill them!

-Joseph Rosenberg

## Spring

The flowers are blooming  
and the green grass is growing.  
The snow is now melting  
and the wind has stopped blowing.  
The birds are now chirping  
and peace brings the doves.  
The wedding bells ring  
for it's the season of love.

-Rebecca Rome



Daniel Franklin, Peter Lawrence, Kevin Moore.



Rushmi Malavi, Ian Caines.  
Front: Gowen Trevor, Daniel Oore.



# P4 (cont. ...)



Jennifer Digby, Vanessa Hayward, Rebecca Rome.  
Front: Jennifer Gray.

## Untitled

My father is a god,  
But he always does things wrong.  
My teacher is a Martian,  
But his ears are not so long.  
My cat is always pregnant,  
But she never has some kittens.  
And whenever I am looking,  
I can never find my mittens.

My mother thinks she's fat,  
But she never eats a bite.  
She says to wear loose clothes,  
But I always wear them tight.  
When I wake up in the morning,  
I never make my bed.  
And I,  
Well, I am always dead.

-Rebecca Rome

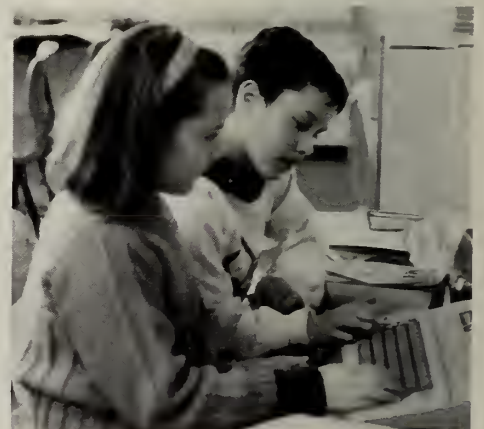
## Friends

Some friends are stinky,  
And some friends are tall.  
Some friends are lean,  
And some friends fall.  
Some friends have curly hair,  
And some friends have long.  
Some friends are chunky,  
And some friends sing songs.  
Some friends are short,  
And some friends are clean ..  
Some friends are funny,  
And some friends are mean.  
Most friends are nice,  
But when they eat mice, they're not!

-Vanessa Hayward



Back: Alicia Miller,  
Edward McKeever, Erica  
Wilson, Bethany Lander.  
Front: Sara Bercholz.





# Prep Five

## I Remember When:

Aylin Alemdar --A snow fort fell on me, and my friends had to dig me up.

Ryan Blades --I fell off the eagle's perch and broke my wrist.

Peter Brannon --Mrs. Cooper made me write Island of the Blue Dolphins on paper when I had spent two hours doing it on computer.

Robbie Cameron --I did my book report on the last night and got a VG-.

Chris Coxon --Glooscap won the Prep 4-6 Intramurals.

Lindsay Davis --I fell off the eagle's perch and broke my arm.

Jennifer DeGrasse --Georgina vomited on me on the tire.

Rachel Glube --Emma pushed me off the T.Bar.

Mara Green --My first time going down the hill at Martock.

Matthew Harper --Ms. Porteous gave me a big detention and made me clean up the lower school.

Julie Henderson --I had to write my autobiography in writing class.

Claire Hinnell --I came to HGS this year and didn't know anyone except for Jennifer DeGrasse.

Marcy Laing --I broke my arm in gym.

Ben Lander --Adrian vomited in the washroom at the Black Cultural Center.

Georgina Mastrapas --Billy and I went up on the T.Bar and we fell off.

Scott McKenna --I got bashed in the head with the T.Bar.

Adrian Neumann --I hated school.

Billy Nikolaou --I made Mrs. Cooper's hair stand up straight because I couldn't stop on the ski hill.

Ian Smith --I drew my first dragon.

Emma Townsend-Gault --Adrian forgot his P.J.'s on P.J. Day and had to wear Claire's instead.

Joanna Trager --I went skiing for my first time. It was fun!

Alexander Wilson --Scott had a wicked sleepover party.



## War

I walk among the smell of death  
The piles high and rotting  
The streets are dark  
And shrapnel flies around  
A moan, a shriek of agony  
The bombs come down, a building crumbles  
To the ground  
Beneath their might  
The terror and the agony when people  
Clash and fight

-Mara Green



Ian Smith, Scott McKenna, Ben Lander.



Mara Green, Julie Henderson, Marcy Laing.



# P5 (cont. ...)



## Rain

As each raindrop  
pounds against the hard ground  
it's gone forever.

-Scott McKenna



## How the Butterfly Got Its Colours

A long time ago, on a hot spring day, two little Indian boys were running through the meadows and pastures chasing butterflies. The butterflies were all plain white and the boys were getting bored with chasing only white butterflies. One day when the boys were out in the fields they found a shell. The boys thought that the shell was a cocoon. As soon as the boys picked up the cocoon their mother called them into the wigwam so they dropped the cocoon and went in for supper. The boys found the cocoon in the same place that they had left it the day before. When the boys looked up they saw a beautiful rainbow. It was a multi-coloured rainbow. The boys ran for the rainbow clutching the cocoon in both hands. When the boys reached out to touch the rainbow they dropped the cocoon. Suddenly the cocoon changed colours. It changed from red to orange to yellow to green to blue and finally to purple. Ever since that day the boys never touched another butterfly. They only watched them flutter their beautiful wings.

--Mara Green



## Haiku

All is quiet in the wood  
Two chipmunks run up the tall tree  
Gathering acorns for winter

-Ryan Blades



Joanna Trager, Claire Hinnell, Rachel Glube, Emma Townsend-Gault.

## The Storm Giant



Peter Brannon  
Robbie Cameron

Amongst our people long ago there was a story, a story about the Storm Giant, a giant who lives as a god, the god of storms. Countless descriptions of his appearance have been passed down through generations, but one thing about him is always the same, he has deep jet-black eyes like pools of black gold. Storms occur when a tormentor, usually a demon from the underworld, wakes him. He will stand up and run after his unearthly tormentor, shaking the earth with every step. His jet-black eyes light up white and shoot electricity at the earth, knocking down trees and wires as he goes. Some say on clear nights you may see him running across the sky.

--Scott McKenna



## The Old Black Mill

One weekend when I lived in England, me and my friend decided to camp out on a massive parkland and it was called the West Wood. On the West Wood there was an old black mill which was supposed to be haunted by a ghost that had gloop dripping from its teeth and fire burning in its jet-black eyes. But the most horrible thing was that it was half wolf and the hair on the wolf's back glowed dull green.

We decided to camp beside the mill because it was the only place where we could get fresh water and where the most fine wood was. That night was what the people in England call Bonfire Night and we have a bonfire about ten meters tall and me and my friend bought some fireworks.

We went over just when it was lit. When we came back it was misty and damp. When we got back to camp the tent was ripped and parts of it were glowing dull green and we could just see something glowing in the distance. We ran towards it and it was the ghost of the black mill. It turned around just as a blue and orange firework went off. The face was sickening and it was surprised I didn't turn to stone. Just then a gun shot went off and the ghost seemed to have escaped. Then we were left standing there with open mouths and staring eyes.

--Ben Lander



Georgina Mastrapas, Jennifer DeGrasse, Billy Nikolaou, Lindsay Davis.



# Prep Six

When I get to the Upper School I will:

Martin Laycock --work hard.  
 Kate Perry --do my best.  
 Janet Cooper --work as hard as I can.  
 Ben Alexander --I would like to study hard and work more.  
 Bradley McCallum --do my best!!!  
 Irene Zouros --be more determined to get good marks.  
 Catherine Davis --I will do my best!  
 Mete Erdogan --do my best and try to get on the honour roll.  
 Andrew McFarlane --get more organized!  
 Jennifer Franklin --study hard and try to get on the honour roll.  
 Matthew Brooks --I would like to get on the honour roll.  
 William Landymore --make the honour roll.  
 Michael Tucker --study and try to get on the honour roll.  
 Eriskay Liston --try to make the honour roll.  
 Molly Grindley --work hard.  
 Colin MacDonald --work very hard.  
 Craig Silverman --I'll tell you if I get there.  
 Kerry Kindred --I will try to get on the honour roll.  
 Catherine McDougall --probably fail.  
 Martha Lawrence --get on the honour roll.  
 Hannah Blades --just be glad I got there.  
 David Rapson --try to ace math.  
 Alana Tervo --do my best.  
 Andrew Barker --bust and make the honour roll.



Front: Ben Alexander, Craig Silverman.  
 Back: Marty Laycock, Andrew McFarlane, Mete Erdogan, William Landymore.



## The Worms And Me

When I was a baby of two or three,  
 My mother was gardening by the old pine tree.  
 I found some worms and by picking them up  
 I stuffed them in my pocket -ew, gross, yuck  
 What a pleasant surprise for my mother -oh gosh  
 For those plump little worms to come out in the wash.  
 Boy, you should have seen the look on mom's face  
 All those ushie, gushie worms -WHAT A WASTE!

--Hannah Blades

## New Year's Eve

Cold, crisp snow lies on the ground,  
 Children playing all around.  
 A weak, calm breeze blows from the woods,  
 Chilly people put on their hoods  
 When the sun falls and dinner has begun,  
 The rest of the evening is full of fun.  
 Games at parties, with all your friends,  
 Laughing with joy until the evening ends  
 The clock strikes twelve to start a new day,  
 Ending a year that will never come again.

--David Rapson







David Pink

## Ben As A Baby

My parents had a baby  
His name was baby Ben.  
They would keep him all-  
day  
In a stuffy baby pen.

This baby was very small,  
Very small indeed.  
I used to sit and cry all-day,  
Until it was time to feed.

Then I got much older  
And I got a little rough.  
I would sit down very quiet-  
ly  
And break the electric stuff.

Then I got even older  
I practically needed a guard  
For I would ride my pet dog  
All around my backyard.

--Ben Alexander

## The Beauty of Winter

Delicately falling ...  
Falling, falling to the ground.  
Little white decorations  
Covering up our grass.  
Only coming once a year,  
Snowflakes will not last.

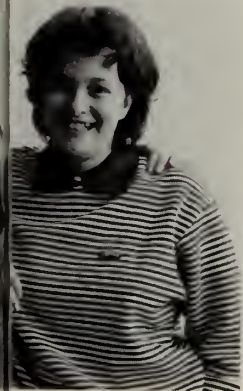
--Alana Tervo

## Sledding

Jack Frost nips at my toes  
And when they are froze  
I sip hot chocolate then I doze.  
When I wake up I grab my sled  
As soon as I get out of bed.  
My dog Fred  
Comes with me  
And we sled as far as we see  
And then we come home to Mommy.

--Craig Silverman

Alana Tervo, Martha  
Lawrence, Catherine  
McDougall, Eriskay  
Liston, Jennifer  
Franklin.



Irene Zouros, David Rapson, Bradley  
McCallum.



Michael Tucker, Colin  
MacDonald, Andrew  
Barker.

# P6 (cont. ...)



Janet Cooper, Kate Perry, Molly Grindley, Kerry Kindred.

Our memories of Christmas are carefully tucked away,  
In a very small place under lock and key.  
The memories of snowflakes falling so light  
Our memories of carols sung by the tree.  
The decorations hand carved all for the tree.  
The popcorn with caramel hung by me.  
The soldiers so straight, by their side a drum  
all red and green.  
The fire so bright, so shiny and also the chestnuts too.  
Wizz, there one goes!  
These are memories under lock and key.

--Anonymous

## A Sparkling World

I looked outside,  
Into a glittering world,  
Made overnight.  
Flakes of snow  
Quickly drifted down  
To join the sparkling world.

My window was framed,  
By shimmering icicles.  
Below, the ground was smooth.  
Covered by delicate snowflakes

The fresh new world,  
Now so perfect  
Will soon be marred,  
By marks of those,  
Who have passed through  
The sparkling world.

--Molly Grindley

## Surviving in the Snow

When driving in the snow,  
You must always know,  
If you are driving out of town  
You might get broken down,  
So you must take,  
A shovel, a broom, and a chocolate cake,  
A bag of salt  
A catapult  
(To throw away the snow  
With a great big blow)  
A bag of sand,  
This isn't out of hand,  
An Eskimo snowsuit  
A basketful of dried fruit  
Now, make some room for yourself.

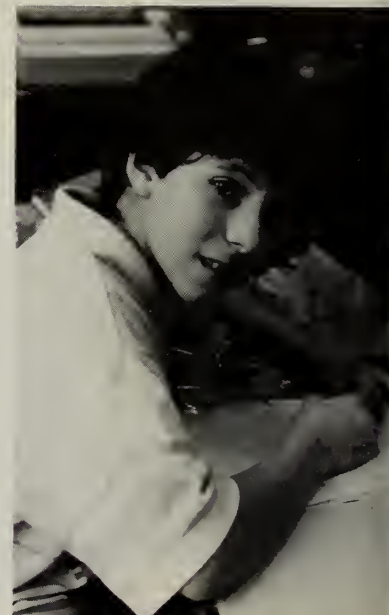
--Jenny Aldrich



## Sparrow

When I was little,  
I still do,  
I slept with my mouth open,  
Maybe you do too.  
Because of all my allergies  
To cats, dogs and pigs  
I slept with it open,  
Really, really big.  
Because my mouth was open wide,  
And now at all narrow  
My mom and dad and everyone,  
Called me a little sparrow.

--Martha Lawrence





## Christmas Day

Bradley

Bouncing, happy baby boy  
Running and wrestling with my toys  
Always loving and filled with joy  
Down on the floor and under the chair  
Look, I'm here, I'm there, I'm everywhere  
Every day my mommy's loving baby boy  
Yes, my daddy's pride and joy!

--Bradley McCallum

This was a day, a very long day,  
This was Christmas,  
A day of giving and sharing,  
A day of love and friendship,  
A day to sit by the fireside,  
And to open presents given by family.  
This is a day to roam in the snow,  
And this is a day to remember.

--Andrew Barker

## My Experience With Cigarettes

I have experienced many good and bad occurrences in my life. But one stands out in my mind the most.

When I was about three years old, I had the habit of picking up anything and putting it in my mouth. It was not because my parents starved me, but because I was curious.

One day my mother took my older brother and me for a walk. The sun was shining brightly and I could see many objects I had not seen before. I saw about six to eight cigarette butts under a tree. My curiosity made me want to try them, especially as my parents do not smoke!

At the time that I saw them, my mom had turned around to get David who was trying to run away. I darted to the butts and grabbed a handful which I quickly stuck in my mouth. Before I could chew them my mom turned around and saw the butts in my mouth. Her mouth opened, her jaws dropped and she ran towards me. She put her hands in my mouth trying to get them all out, and luckily she did.

Taking no chances, my overcautious mom rushed me to the emergency unit of the I.W.K. where my stomach was pumped. There was no trace of butts. My mom was very much relieved, but I did not understand what all the fuss was about.

My mother later told me that cigarettes were considered dangerous to young people, and this is why I was raced to the hospital. From that point on I have made up my mind never to smoke again, and if I ever have the urge I will remember this story!

--Andrew McFarlane

Memoir

One thing I remember about my past was my first riding lesson. When I was on Gypper (short for Gypsy) you just might say that I was petrified. For my first riding lesson Mrs. Henry, my riding teacher, took me on a hack. A hack is when you ride on the side of the road or out in the field or in a forest. Mrs. Henry took the lead line in her hand and walked on the side of the road beside me. For that lesson we walked and trotted for half an hour. We turned around and then did some exercises. I was scared.

Before the actual riding lesson I had to brush Gypsy. I was scared to go near her. Then a couple of months ago my Dad read me something and what it said was that if you are scared the horse can sense it and the horse will not do what you want him to do. Instead he will go galloping off with you on his back. So I learned a very important lesson and that is you have to be in control of your horse and not the horse controlling you.

--Catherine Davis







# Upper School





# Upper One

Upper One wouldn't be the same without:

Mary Kate Arnold's cheerfulness.  
 Martha Casey's sense of humour.  
 James Dodd's chess games.  
 Ata Erdogan's self-confidence.  
 Guy Germain's unlimited supply of girl friends.  
 Willie Grover's jokes.  
 Jennifer Hinnell's enthusiasm.  
 Christine Hollett's horse Sam.  
 Tera Hurst's Tom Cruise posters.  
 Jessica Linzey's long legs.  
 Paul Murphy's cuteness.  
 Giles Oland's "Wowser"s.  
 Lizzie Oore's frizzy hair.  
 Nat Pearre's little arguments and sayings.  
 Gordon Pease's airwalks.  
 Emma Penick's smile.  
 Hannah Riding's friendliness.  
 Erin Root's culture shock.  
 Harold Roscoe's "maybe"s.  
 Tova Rosenberg's "never mind"s.  
 Jamie Stoltz's computer mind.  
 Anne Totten's return.  
 Natalie Vladi's undecidedness.  
 Drum Woodside's science fiction books.

## Poem of Upper One

Upper One was lots of fun,  
 but Tobin said, "You're not done.  
 You still got exams to do."  
 Then the whole class groaned, "Ooh!"  
 Now it's just a week to go.  
 I should be happy, but oh,  
 they're so very close, at the very most,  
 it's really gross. (Pause)  
 I can see the teachers there,  
 waiting for a grab at my hair.  
 but then when it's all over,  
 I'll still be shakin' all over.  
 Until ... the end of time.

-Willie Grover



Guy Germain, Paul Murphy, Giles Oland, Harold Roscoe.



## JUST ME

My thoughts race with wind  
 Though I try to keep a steady pace.  
 Choosing one thing,  
 Changing to the next,  
 Very fickle.

When I'm on the stage I laugh for another man,  
 I cry for another man,  
 I shout with joy for another man,  
 But in the end,  
 I'll hop off the stage and take my own applause!

I cannot hold back,  
 Everyone sees how I feel,  
 I share my sorrow  
 I share my laughter  
 I share my happiness  
 I share my glories,  
 I wear my heart on my sleeve.

Mary-Kate Arnold







James Dodds, Willie Grover, Gordon Pease.

### The Great White One

There he stood,  
Gleaming, silver-white,  
A golden horn,  
With shining lights,  
His eyes they were  
A deep, deep, blue,  
Like the sky at night.  
When he moved  
It was only grace  
For his hooves  
Touched not the ground.  
Who was he,  
The great white one,  
The only King  
Of the Unicorns.

--Christine Hollet

### Camping

First we tried to put our tent up on the back lawn, but it kept on falling down. Finally we put it up, then went off and played football. An hour and a half later, we returned to our tent and found it blown down, so we tried to put it up and did. After that we were all tired so we got in our sleeping bag and got in our tent.

We were only in there awhile when my cat paid us a visit and walked all over the tent. We soon got rid of her.

We were just about to fall asleep when my two dogs came sniffing in our tent and knocked a pin out. One of us put the pin back in while the other two put the dogs back in the house, and locked them in.

We lay down and slept for two hours till I woke up and found we were all soaking wet. It had rained. So I woke the other two up and we went in the house and changed sleeping bags. On the way out from the house someone forgot to shut the door and the dogs got out, so we tried to catch them. We finally did but it took us half an hour to do so.

We all got back in our sleeping bags and fell asleep. Suddenly we heard a big crack and something landed on our sleeping bag. We all got out to see what it was and it was my cat again. She had climbed up a tree above us and walked along a branch and the branch broke. The cat and the branch landed on us. The cat wasn't hurt.

Well, we slept for three hours and it was morning. That morning we packed our stuff and went back in the house, tired.

--Guy Germain



Tova Rosenberg  
Mary Kate Arnold  
Emma Penick  
Natalie Vladi  
Hannah Riding

# U.I. (cont. ...)

## Snowfall

As the snowflake is falling gently to the ground  
 It looks so peaceful and immortal,  
 Finally coming to rest upon others of its kind.  
 I dress in my snowproof jacket and pants,  
 And go out to behold more closely  
 This scene of beauty and serenity.  
 I fall backwards and feel myself sink  
 Into a soft but firm cushion of soothing whiteness,  
 Then turn onto my stomach,  
 And dig in the hole my head made.  
 Soon a wind comes,  
 And I feel little snowballs hit my back  
 And rustle against my jacket.  
 I peek out from my snug little dugout  
 And see lines of drifting snow  
 Proceeding past my face and down to the street.  
 Then I rise and shake off the covering  
 Of snow and sheets that rested on my back  
 On their way down to the street  
 And I go inside to sleep.  
 When I wake the next morning,  
 I found the snow still there,  
 But instead of being the fair white traveller  
 Of yesterday's glory,  
 It is the black-yellow slave of tar and pavement.

--Nat Pearre



Erin Root, Tera Hurst, Jennifer Hinnell.

## Winter to Spring

In winter it is very cold,  
 And the leaves fall off the trees.  
 Then the snow begins to fall,  
 Glistening and cold.  
 Then the ice begins to thaw,  
 And the snow melts all away.  
 It is springtime once again,  
 And everyone comes out to play.

--Anne Totten



Lizzie Oore, Martha Casey, Christine Hollett, Anne Totten.





### The Stormy Dale

The bright red flowers in the secluded vale  
Rustled slightly in the April gale  
Thunder crashed and raindrops flashed  
Billowing clouds filled the blue sky  
And the swans had to fly up high  
Away from the bright red flowers in the secluded vale.

--Jamie Stoltz



### Poems

The sun was shining high and bright,  
Pointing out the birds in flight.

Black against the sea of blue,  
Perching upon the trees so new.

Spreading out their wings so wide,  
Eating the remains of an ox's hide.

Searching the sea for some fish,  
Stealing from the plate of another bird's dish.

Flapping their wings to distant lands,  
The shores reaching out to them like grasping hands.

Pecking at berries, and picking at cherries,  
Stealing milk from the farmers dairies.

Where do these birds come from, who knows?  
Perhaps they are the wicked wicked witches crows.

--Drum Woodside

### Life

There is a riot going on outside my loft.  
The cars are going wild for they can't get by  
the police line.  
The world is spinning above my head.  
Please help me, I feel as if my brain is leaving  
my skull.

Tera Hurst

### Life

Life is like making music,  
You play a wrong note,  
You feel impatient,  
Disgusted, unaware,  
That it will wash away  
With all the rest of life's despair.

--Lizzie Oore



Nat Pearre, Ata Erdogan

# Upper Two

Quotes of the class of Upper Two:

Graham Aldrich -- "I'm out of here."  
 Kerry Alemdar -- "Hockey is my life."  
 Emily Crow -- "Today's been a long day."  
 David Finlayson -- "I kill me yuk yuk."  
 Kirsten Flinn -- "I'm running away to China."  
 Allyson Franklin -- "Is he good looking?"  
 Stacey Godsoe -- "The name's Godsoe, Stacey Godsoe."  
 Katy Grindley -- ?  
 Andrew Hinnell -- "Can I Have your yogurt?"  
 Lesley Jackson -- "This is not an animal! It's my hair."  
 Tricia Joyce -- "Don't call me Patty."  
 Joy Laing -- "I'm not on a diet."  
 Jessica Lane -- "I don't care."  
 James Liston -- "A dead bird! Can I go get it?"  
 Brent MacDonald -- "In your face chocolate thunder."  
 David McFarlane -- "Where are my shoes?"  
 Bessy Nikolaou -- "Nice life!"  
 Stephen O'Dor -- "Get away from me Afro!!"  
 Douglas Penick -- "I'm tall and I'm proud of it."  
 Beth Pyesmany -- "I don't know."  
 Sarah Risley -- "That's demented."  
 Shivana Sankar -- "Call me RRHAAADAAAAHHH!"  
 Joachim Steffen -- "What ARE you doing?"  
 Matthew Thompson -- "Colours, colours, colours."  
 Laura Waters -- "You know you're dumb when ..."



Katy Grindley, Tricia Joyce, Sarah Risley

## The Sea

Sometimes rough, sometimes placid  
 Sometimes calm, sometimes lethal  
 Blue or black,  
 Warm or cold,  
 A place for life and living,  
 A place for death and dying,  
 Blue, clear, calm waters  
 A source of repulsion with its dangerous black waves  
 An everchanging mystery  
 The sea.

-Shivana Sankar



Emily Crow







Stephen O'Dor, Kerry Alemdar, Matthew Thompson, David Finlayson, (Judy Halebsky, U3).

### Light of Halifax

In a big city one sees big lights.  
In a small town one sees flashlights.  
In the smallest minute corner of the world  
one sees a match.

-Kirsten Flinn

The snow fell softly  
Just touching the ground  
Before vanishing into  
A small pool of water.  
It fell more quickly now  
Not vanishing but staying  
Until the world was covered  
With a white blanket.

--Katy Grindley

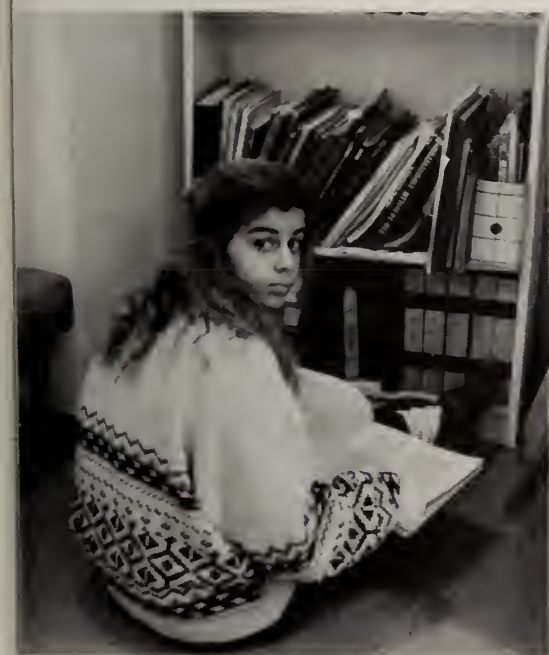


### Tomorrow

It is another day,  
Tomorrow.  
It may seem the same,  
Tomorrow.  
But really, it's not.  
Tomorrow.

The sun rises at a different time.  
Tomorrow.  
And the birds fly in different directions.  
Tomorrow.  
But is it really that different?  
Tomorrow.

-Bessy Nikolaou



# U2 (cont. ...)

## Summer Showers

Grey skies bring soft showers,  
The meadows filled with long-stemmed flowers,  
Summer breeze, quietly blowing,  
The wild flowers are quickly growing.

--Beth Pyesmany

## To Snow

In the summer I thought you,  
In the autumn I sought you,  
In the winter I caught you,  
But in the spring I forgot you.

In the summer I thought you.  
As the summer heat burned me,  
The thought of white flakes set me free.  
I couldn't wait till they could be with me.

In the autumn I sought you.  
I journeyed north so you could be with me.  
I looked for you, but where could you be?  
It was cold but still you were not with me.

In the winter I caught you.  
You rolled, jumped and fell with me.  
Your whiteness and brightness dizzied me.  
Your wildness and brightness blew against me.

In the spring I forgot you.

--Stephen O'Dor

## Summer

Summer sun, warm days,  
Seeing old friends, meeting  
new ones. Licking ice cream,  
melting and dripping.  
Sea splashing on my feet.  
Cool swims in foresty pools.  
Aqua waters, lonely islands.  
Hot pavement burning my feet.  
Sand sticking to salty  
bathing suits. Friends and songs,  
campfires on cool nights eating  
sticky marshmallows. Night  
walks. Sleepy, but excited  
drifting off to sleep.

--Emily Crow

## A Flame

A spark, it's lit,  
A small flame,  
Quivering in the wind,  
Turning gold with heat.  
A breath is taken,  
The flame is dying,  
A small burning ash,  
Left black and charred,  
The flame is gone.

--Stacey Godsoe



Joy Laing, Allyson Franklin, Stacey Godsoe, Kirsten Flinn.

The person stood very quietly,  
A silhouette against the moon.  
Another figure joined him,  
Two silhouettes against the moon.  
There was a fight,  
And, just as it looked as if one  
man was going to win,  
BANG!  
Again, just one silhouette  
against the moon.

--Laura Waters







Jessica Lane, Bessy Nikolaou, Laura Waters.

## Execution

Death row  
 Waiting ...  
 For a mercy that seems worlds away  
 Death  
 It's never closer or farther away  
 Waiting ...  
 When it comes,  
 Then you will be free.  
 Wait--Footsteps gradually becoming louder  
 Being dragged roughly away ...  
 Away from the place you have known for half a lifetime  
 The electric chair  
 Pain, agony  
 Death  
 Waiting half a lifetime for something that lasts a few  
 minutes--  
 Freedom.

--Shivana Sankar



Brent MacDonald, David McFarlane, Doug Penick.

## Spring Day

The birds sing  
 sweetly as the soft  
 breeze gently blows,  
 and I hum about the  
 house to the same love-  
 ly tune that they sing  
 so wonderfully now. At  
 that moment in time I  
 thought this is the  
 spring day that my an-  
 cestors and parents  
 have always talked  
 about.

--Sarah Risley



Front: Joachim Steffen, Stephen O'Dor.  
 Back: James Liston, Andrew Hinnell.

# Upper Three

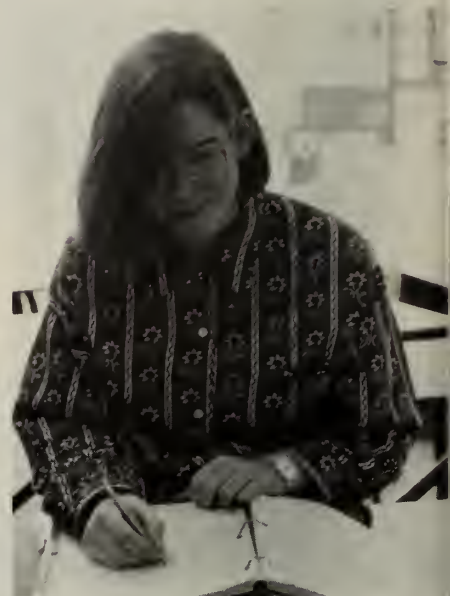
Haiku

Smashing on the sand  
Sometimes loud, Sometimes softer  
Surf comes rolling in

--Ben Pearre

We, the class of Upper Three, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave:

Tammy Attia --The great sphinx  
Warren Auld --Jock o' the week  
Sarah Brennan --My multicoloured socks  
David Brooks --Levis pre-shrunk jeans  
Mathew Burns --My Playboy underwear  
Adrian Cameron --Something interesting  
Susan Crocker --Technicolour shorts and a demerit  
Leif Englund --Not a penny  
Arun Goomar --My education  
Trevor Greenwood --The novel, JANE EYRE  
Judy Halebsky --An empty white room and a box of crayons.  
Imogen Hall --A suction cup hickey and a pair of cowboy boots.  
Aaron Hurst --Bush's virtues.  
Pathum Malavi --MS-DOS.  
Michael McDougall --Without learning anything.  
Mathias Michalon --The Students Profile of Academic Status (C.S.).  
Gray Miles --Gray.  
Lars Mitchell --\$900 skis.  
Kathleen Murphy --A door, a chair, and a window.  
Ben Pearre --The math room with glee.  
Anne Wylie Roberts --A rattle ...  
Jennifer Silverman --And hum.  
Jenny Shippee --A Chequita Banana!!!  
Tim Hannon --H.G.S. an ulcer.



Susan Crocker, Jenny Silverman.

Adrian Cameron  
Aaron Hurst  
Lars Mitchell  
Mathew Burns



Morning

Riding through the thick morning mist.  
Beautiful fingers stroke the water.  
Sun penetrating in streaks through the blanket of fog. Only  
the very tippy-tops of the tallest seen, sitting like little green  
pyramids in a field of clouds. So barren, and yet so full. -So  
unexplainable -So unchangeable.

--Jenny Shippee



## Springtime

Spring comes

When it does  
It doesn't descend,  
Rise,  
Spread,  
Or fill.  
But it grows.  
Emanates from almost everything  
Grows throughout,  
Like a colourful benign mold  
Sprouting from infinite spores.

The spring illuminates all.  
Even a gum-ridden sidewalk  
Gains from spring's green lustre

Later come the deaths  
"Only ten percent of the litter will survive."  
But it's no concern.  
Spring is birth  
Don't think of the future  
- the drought  
- forest fire  
Spring is birth,  
and  
rebirth  
Nothing  
More.

--Michael McDougall



## Every Black Sheep Has Its Family

I'm sure you know that every family has its black sheep.  
But do you ever think that every black sheep has a family?  
You never see them, the family of the black sheep.  
Wonder why?  
The answer is clear.

Did he do something to be exiled from the flock?  
Perhaps he is not good enough for them?

If you look at it from a different perspective  
Perhaps he is not so cantankerous  
Maybe it is the rest of the flock who are in the wrong  
Which leaves his fleece as white as snow.

--Ben Moore



Trevor Greenwood, Ben Pearre, Mathias Michalon.

## The Land of Stole

A dream, a soft subtle dream,  
Lying on the purple grass, gazing  
Up at the azure sky,  
Dew drop lakes of green  
And trees of silver and gold.

Unicorn clouds prancing  
Around the hazy suns of Stole.  
Stole is the pleasant dreamland.  
Where all your problems cease.

Where you can play forever,  
Or sail on the quiet seas.  
So frolic in the polka-dot fields  
And swim in the violet seas.

--Susan Crocker



Leif England

# U3 (cont. ...)



Bottom: Sarah Brennan, Judy Halebsky.  
Middle: Markell Kiefer (U4), Kathleen Murphy.  
Top: Jenny Shippee.

## Sun's Death

Walking -  
Crossing the street without the light.  
We never cared.  
Standing on the median.  
He had so much trust in me.  
He never looked.  
My "okay" sent him off like a bullet.  
He never even looked -  
CRASH! Rays of shock radiate.  
Slow motion.  
This could never happen to me.  
I closed my eyes.  
Reality hit me.  
It did happen to me.  
He lay there on the pavement.  
I thought he was dead.  
I remember seeing his foot twitch.  
Please, anybody -don't let him die.  
I was in a dream.  
I was drowning.  
I felt so alone -blinded- helpless.  
What will mom say -

--Jenny Shippee



Ann Roberts, Jenny Shippee, Arun Goomar.

## A Shadow

A shadow is like a twin,  
It follows you around at night.  
And keeps you company.  
During the day it hides,  
In a world all its own.  
Yet, it always seems,  
That in the darkness of the night,  
Your shadow will guide you along,  
Never leaving your side.

--Kathleen Murphy

## A Brief Thought

As the snow falls,  
And the wind blows,  
We live our lives  
Yet nobody knows  
Why we are here and  
Why we're not there  
Yet the world of life  
Is everywhere.

--Pathum Malaviarachichi



Tammy Attia, Imogen Hall, Judy Halebsky, Susan Crocker.



### Confusion

She said he said she said she said  
something,  
That something wasn't nice!  
However,  
She said she said he said I said it!  
But,  
I said, how could I have said it if  
She said he said she said she said  
something?  
So now she says,  
He said she said he said she said it  
So,  
She obviously said it!,  
Or did he?,  
Or was it her at all?  
It's funny to think if you don't use names,  
How the system will quickly fall!

--Sarah Brennan



Ben Moore

### Snow

Like six winged nymphs  
You dance on the ballroom floor  
Of the frosty wind.

You rest from your waltz  
On a bare rock,  
A naked green branch  
Or a frozen lake

To be trodden on,  
Slid over  
Or to be part of a child's creation.

You shed your wings in the spring  
And dance again in the winter.

--David Brooks



David Brooks, Pathum Malaviarchchi, Tim Hannon.

### Haikus

The old man stood, cold.  
He looked on helplessly as  
His livelihood died.

The fire crackles.  
It casts a warm glow on them  
As the building burns.

The pale silver moon  
Watching over the planet,  
A mute guardian.

-Adrian Cameron



Warren Auld  
Michael McDougall  
Gray Miles

# Upper Four

Places where members of Upper Four may be found:

Maggie Arnold --Art school  
 Paul Baskett --The gym  
 Amy Burns --Brownies  
 Julia Carroll --The scene of another accident  
 Beth Chernin --At the Met.  
 Allison Cooper --Dalplex  
 Ariz David --Jammin with Ivor  
 Lisa Gaum --At a singles bar  
 Heather Goodfellow --The Stables  
 Jane Gould --With the 3:15's  
 Ashton Horne --Underwater  
 Mark Kaupp - Anywhere but school  
 Markell Kiefer --Nose in her burp book  
 Andy Kim --His basement  
 Sean Kirby --CKDU  
 Derek Linzey --On those gay roller skis  
 Jonathan McKeever --KGB H.Q.  
 Luke Merrimen --The ramp  
 Shane Nichols --The Little Nashville  
 Morgan Root --With Jason  
 Andrew Sacamano --Physics lab  
 Paul Simms --At a fencing tournament  
 Peter Sinclair --Hick town  
 Beverly Williams --Down a manhole



Heather Goodfellow, Jon McKeever, Markell Kiefer.



Clockwise: Paul Baskett, Andy Kim, Derek Linzey, Sean Kirby, Jane Gould.

## A True Friend

A true friend is hard to find  
 especially in a floundering world like this  
 A true friend is priceless

Thanks Mom.  
 I love you.

-Jane Gould

Black, sleek, and shiny  
 The panther soaks in the warmth  
 Of the noon day sun.

Shane Nichols

Waves crash on the beach  
 Sand bakes in the midday sun  
 Gulls circle and cry.

-Maggie Arnold

-Nothing but Something to Do -  
 Life is boring, if you make it,  
 if you cope, that is.  
 It's so easy to glide through life,  
 but,  
 Maybe you should "Stop and smell  
 the roses."  
 That will give you something to do,  
 since there are so many roses in the  
 world.

-Markell Kiefer

## The Cat

Slowly, slowly  
 Stealthily creeping  
 Quietly stalking  
 Tail twitching  
 Eyes flicking  
 Body motionless  
 Muscles tensing  
 Eyes staring  
 Ready to pounce  
 Got 'em!

--Beverly Williams



### The Haiku

Why write a haiku?  
It's an unrhyming poem.  
I can't see any point

Why write a haiku?  
What the heck it could be fun.  
I was right, it was!

--Derek Linzey



Beverly Williams  
Maggie Arnold  
Ashton Horne



### Home

Mom and dad said we shouldn't go  
But we were young and we didn't know  
We thought we knew it all  
We saw the world through children's eyes  
There was so much we didn't realize  
We had so many questions we had to find the answers to

When I look back on all that has passed  
It seems we grew up a little too fast  
We were in such a hurry to make it on our own  
Wearing make-up and playing guitar  
We thought that it would take us so far  
But it was just one more thing we did not understand

When we wasted all our time  
Listening to Kiss and Cheap Trick  
Dad would get mad and say that rock and roll is not music  
And when we started our Kiss clone band  
Mom tried to make dad understand  
But he refused to listen  
He just turned the other way

--Sean Kirby



# U4 (cont. ...)

## The Midnight Walker

It was a stormy night,  
The rain came flashing down,  
Icing the streets, glittering in the lights-  
It was then I met the Midnight Walker.

It came to me  
That winter's night  
Followed me in the shadows.  
Quiet, gliding, waiting, lurking.  
It was the Midnight Walker.

The rain came down  
As I walked on  
Soaking me through and through.  
Hiding the Midnight Walker.

And I walked on,  
Turned towards home,  
Saw the light, warm and dry.  
And then I was struck by the Midnight Walker.

"The night is young,  
And energized.  
Go forth! Walk on!"  
Cried the Midnight Walker.

Past the light,  
Down the street,  
Through and through the rain I walked.  
And walking beside me  
Whistling up the wind, dancing to the rain,  
Went the Midnight Walker.

-Andrew Sacamano



Allison Cooper, Amy Burns, Julia Carroll, Beth Chernin.

## Grumpy Christmas

I hate the cold.  
I hate the snow.  
I hate the rain.  
I hate the slush most of all.  
I don't mind getting presents though.

--Sean Kirby

The forest is dark  
Cool deep greens around, above  
Into eternity.

--Maggie Arnold



## Picnic in Monaco

I've given you life,  
Now give me a piece of Bread  
Or maybe a Coke.

-John McKeever

The blossom grows tired  
The first fruit flourishes from it  
And falls to the ground.

--Beth Chernin







Clockwise: Paul Simms, Ariz David,  
Luke Merrimen, Shane Nichols, Peter  
Spencer.

### Elegy (Harmonica Song)

Daddy brought home a little toy  
A plastic army man for his boy  
And he said "Happy Birthday, Son"  
But Daddy had to leave the very next day  
His son asked why, but Daddy wouldn't say  
All Daddy said was to take good care of Mom

Daddy went off to fight the war  
His son's too young to understand what for  
His country called so off he went  
In his country's service his life was spent  
But no one knows what they were dying for

While Daddy was off fighting the war  
His son learned about life from G.I. Joe  
And Mommy worried about them all  
So she went downtown and she bought a gun  
To protect herself and all her little ones  
But she barely knew how to use the thing at all.

-Sean Kirby



### Parasavralofus

Rubber bands for you  
A thermos for the stranger  
Life is far too short

-John McKeever



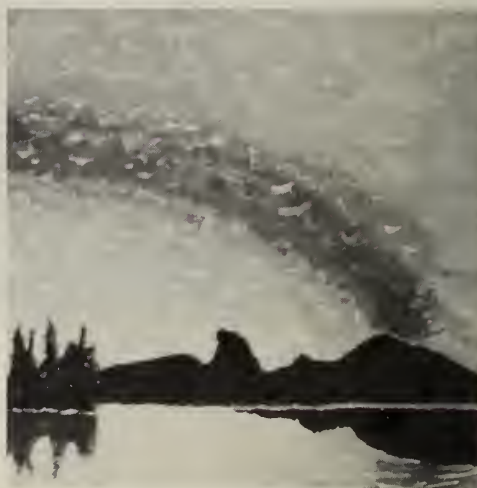
# Upper Five

Sun burning fiercely  
The parched naked desert stretched  
Past the horizon.

-Anonymous

Upper Five would not be the same without:

Mike Barker's belief that he truly is Michael Jordan.  
Craig Burley's esoteric sense of humour.  
Mike Cowie's Monty Python impersonations.  
Greg Cumming's wish to be a different person every day.  
Arthur Davis's ultra-conservatism.  
Toni Fried's class participation.  
Suzanne Godsoe's flirting.  
Jean Grindley's quietness.  
Andrew Jackson's constant arguing.  
Chris Maxwell's sunny disposition.  
Mark McCallum's anti-communist tendencies.  
Tami Meretsky's contacts.  
Sally Nanton's giggle.  
George Nikolaou's tendency to hate people for no reason.  
Matthew O'Dor's tuba.  
Chris Stairs's questions.  
Daniel's love of music.  
Asim's tendency to disrobe in chemistry class.



Front:

Andrew Jackson  
Matthew O'Dor

Back:

Mark McCallum  
Craig Burley  
Arthur Davis  
Chris Maxwell



Front: Chris Stairs.

Middle: Suzanne Godsoe, Sally Nanton, Tami Meretsky.

Back: Toni Fried.



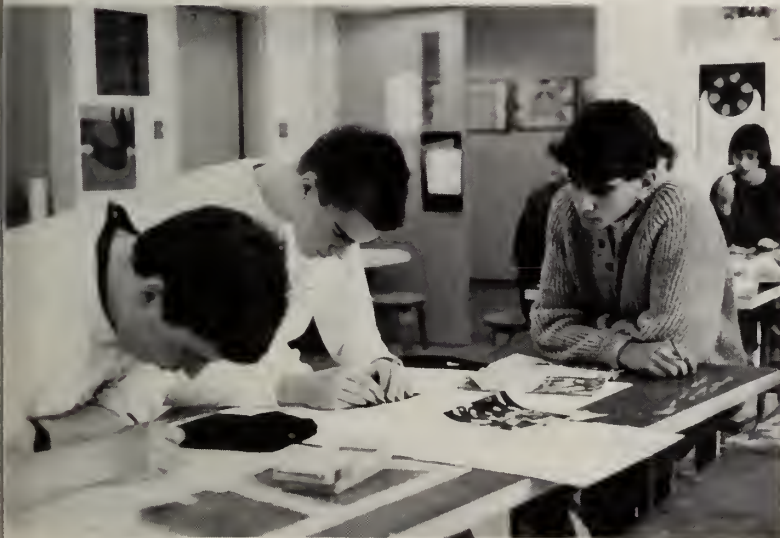




## Crows

Cawing from ragged treetops,  
Harsh, derisory,  
Alert to any approach.  
Draggled feathers of midnight-black blackness  
Perched among the bare branches,  
Taking wing briefly to  
Swoop through the empty air.

-Jean Grindley



Front: Greg Cummings, Mike Barker.  
Back: Daniel Thompson, Asim Wali, George Nikolaou.



## Paper and Pen

Bread and butter,  
Birds and bees,  
Needle and thread,  
Locks and keys.

Eyes and ears,  
Table and chair,  
Cups and saucers,  
Tortoise and hare.

-Tami and Julia

# U.11 (cont. ...)

## THE GAME OF SHAHS

The small group of foot soldiers, dressed in black, carefully proceeded down the ravine. They searched every nook and cranny for possible ambushes or traps that the Enemy may have laid. Their Shah was wise and venerable, his knowledge of war strategies was vast. The soldiers felt confident of a job well-done as they left the ravine. As they prepared to stop for the day on the edge of a great plain, they heard a dreaded noise; the sound of hooves crashing to the ground. The small platoon quickly arranged themselves into battle formation to prepare for the apparent attack.

Suddenly, without any more warning six White Horses appeared from behind a turn in the path to the east. They charged forward, hooves thundering against the ground. A short melee ensued, with both sides fighting courageously. Unfortunately, the foot soldiers were out-manoeuvred and were too slow to fight the White horses effectively. The first foot soldiers died within two minutes; all were dead within ten. The White Horses had lost but one of their numbers.

Such is the nature of horses, they could appear out of nowhere at any time.

\* \* \*

The two White Elephants crashed through the jungle while the men on top kept a sharp look-out for enemy activity. They left the jungle after a short time and entered the grassy savannah. After lumbering towards the enemy lines, supposedly unopposed, they decided to wait and see what the Enemy was going to do before they moved on. After half an hour, they saw a cloud of dust approaching from far away. The leader decided that they would run and hide in the jungle, but the four Black Chariots caught up before they could even enter the jungle. The vicious battle between the two groups started. The long spears of the elephant riders stabbed at the Chariots as they rode by. The Chariots fired arrows as they rushed by. In the end one White elephant and its rider remained and all the chariots lay about, bent and hacked to pieces.

The great size and bulk of the elephant made it an asset that instills fear in the opponent. The flimsy and clumsy chariots were no match for the great beasts.

\* \* \*

The Black Shah grieved inwardly at his loss. His *Farzin* or Counselor had been captured by the other side. However, this was not the end, for it enabled him to set a most cunning trap. The old Shah sent off his elephants into the battle plain to await orders. The surviving group of Chariots was sent to protect a certain vital platoon of foot soldiers. Not only did these actions set the trap, but they made him look weak as well.

\* \* \*

The White Shah smiled to himself. The Old Fool had lost his most valuable weapon, his Counselor. *Now*, he thought, *is the time to strike!* He sent forth his Infantry and Chariots, who, under the guidance of his *Farzin*, would capture the old Black King.

\* \* \*

The Great Game was done. White had lost. The Black Shah, no fool after all, had used his foot soldiers, protected by his Chariots, to reach the enemy lines and release his *Farzin*. The *Farzin* then attacked the White Shah, while the Elephants blocked off his escape. Boxed in among his own men and with no safe escape route, the White Shah had surrendered.

\* \* \*

"Shah-mat!", said the Old Man. "Thought you had me, huh?"

The Young Man, still in shock from the unexpected defeat, replied, "How did you sneak the pawn up without me noticing? You had no Queen. I should have beaten you."

"When you're my age and a master, then perhaps you too will learn the virtues of the Game. Never be overconfident and never despair, even when the future looks dim."

END

The Game of Chess started in India, where it was called "Chaturanga" or "The Game of War". The pieces were very different from today's figures. The Pawn was a foot soldier, the Knight was always a horseman, the Rook was a chariot, the Bishop was an elephant and the Queen was a "*Farzin*" or counselor. The King was called a Shah and when he was taken by an opposing piece, "Shah-mat!" or "The King is dead!" was said by the victor. Today, as a result of "Shah-mat!", we say "Check-mate!"

The game of Chess has spread through many countries, each having changed the pieces' names a little. By the time it was established in Europe, most of the pieces were as we know them today. The pieces may have changed; however, the rules remained basically the same.

Andrew Jackson.



# Upper Six



As the snowflakes float to the ground,  
A cold breeze begins to blow.  
Each tiny flake begins to dance.  
Dusk falls.  
The snowflakes glitter in the moon's light.  
All is Peaceful.

-Jane Sodero







# The Thirtieth Anniversary 1958-1988



# The Thirtieth Anniversary Celebrations

On the last weekend in September, students, staff, founders, alumni, board members, parents, and many others associated with the Halifax Grammar School in the past and present, celebrated the school's thirtieth anniversary. The festivities were a time of entertainment, of renewed acquaintance, and of reflection on the ideals on which the founding and steady progress of the school have been based, and on the tenacity and dedication of the many members of the community who have worked to ensure this progress.

There was a wine and cheese reception on Friday evening at which many founders and original members were welcomed back to the physically transformed school, of which they were given guided tours. The completed school archives were on display.

The next day, there were two hotly contested sports games between Alumni and Senior High teams -- in Boys' Soccer and Girls' Volleyball. In the first, the school team prevailed, while the Alumni won the latter.

The highlight of the weekend was the formal salmon dinner on Saturday evening, after which numerous speeches and presentations were made; Dr. Tom Baskett, Chairman of the Board of Governors, toasted the founders and gave an entertaining and enlightening history of the school. The founders in attendance, along with Mrs. Kaplan, wife of the late founder Dr. J. Gordon Kaplan, were then presented with commemorative plaques. Mr. Leonard Kitz told the story of the founding, after which speeches were made by Mr. Srin Pillay, Chairman of the Alumni Association, and by Mr. Hinnell. All of us in attendance greatly enjoyed the dinner and will certainly look forward to the next anniversary celebration at H.G.S.







# Thirtieth Anniversary Sports













# The Anniversary Dinner

HALIFAX GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
SEPTEMBER 24, 1988  
SHERATON HOTEL, HALIFAX

Toast to the Founders by T.F. Baskett, Chairman, Board of Governors

Almost exactly 30 years ago, on the 18th September, 1958, the Halifax Grammar School first opened its doors to 53 boys aged 6 to 12, in six grades with four teachers in four classrooms in a hastily converted house at 270 Tower Road.

What was the rest of the world doing in 1958?

- The spring of 1958, of course, saw the famous Diefenbaker landslide victory in the federal election.
- Nikita Khrushchev became Premier and all powerful in the Soviet Union.
- Elvis Presley was inducted into the United States army.
- Premier John Buchanan graduated from Dalhousie Law School.
- The Springhill mining disaster claimed 76 lives.
- Just to show that "the more things change the more they stay the same", the top headline in the Chronicle Herald on the 18th September, 1958 was that trade barriers had been dropped and free trade was established. On that occasion, it was free trade between Britain and Canada.
- Canadian troops were serving as part of the United Nations peacekeeping force in Lebanon - and they are there again 30 years later.
- For local entertainment in Halifax, the movie "Bridge on the River Kwai" enjoyed a long run at the Casino cinema. The competition for the cinema-goers dollar was "The Blood Hungry She Beast - Daughter of Dr. Jekyll".

Over the next few minutes, I will trace the events of the spring and summer of 1958 that led to the formation of the Halifax Grammar School. In doing this, I have gone to a number of sources: School files and documents, a scrapbook very kindly lent by Mrs. Sylvia Kaplan and an account of the early years done as a history project by a pupil at the school in the late 1960's, Peter Aterman, son of Mrs. Rita Aterman the current history teacher.

In the early spring of 1958 in Halifax, two individuals came together to create the spark that started the Grammar School. One of these was Mrs. Daniel Fairney. She was not impressed with the standard of public school education and began to promote the idea of establishing an independent school in Halifax. Remember that at this time, the two independent schools - the Convent School and the Halifax Ladies College - accepted girls only.

By any accounts, the second individual who created the spark - Dr. Gordin Kaplan - was a remarkable man. A New Yorker and a graduate of Cornell University, he joined the Department of Physiology at Dalhousie as a Professor at the start of the 1950's. He was liberal minded, extremely energetic and very outspoken. At a conservative time in a conservative city, he openly challenged established and encrusted ideas. When he got involved, he did so wholeheartedly and with tremendous enthusiasm and energy. This is illustrated by one amusing anecdote from that era. Apparently, the Chairman of the Dalhousie Music Department founded and conducted an orchestra made up of members from the University faculty. Gordin Kaplan auditioned for the violin. Another colleague warned the chairman that, although Kaplan was a splendid fellow, he had to be watched otherwise: "before you know it he will be telling you how to conduct". To which the conductor replied: "He already has".

By 1958, Kaplan was a prominent figure in Halifax and acted as host of regular radio and TV programmes: aptly named "Crossfire". In these programmes, many topics were discussed, but two that were most eloquently covered by Dr. Kaplan were his opposition to nuclear proliferation and his criticism of the school education system. He was not alone in this criticism and many parents, particularly among the Dalhousie community, held similar views. A typical quote from the time was that "textbooks were infantile, curricula were watered down to the average student, lazy study habits were tolerated and even created, and too little homework was given in the

early grades". Students were felt to be ill-prepared for the requirements of university education.

At the suggestion of a friend, Mrs. Fairney contacted Dr. Kaplan - she phoned the right man. He gathered together a small group of like-minded people and the first formal meeting of eight individuals was held on the 28th of April, 1958 at the house of the Fairneys at 11 Herring Cove Road, just overlooking the Armdale Rotary. At that meeting, they developed some basic principles and guidelines for the school and wrote a letter to the local newspaper seeking an expression of interest from other parents. On the 8th of May, a meeting of people responding to that letter took place in the Medical Sciences Building at Dalhousie. There was enough enthusiasm and support for the idea that the group committed themselves to opening a new school in September - four months hence. The group gathered momentum over the summer and more interested parents joined, while others daunted by the seemingly impossible task - withdrew. At a meeting on the 28th of July, a Board of Governors was elected with Dr. John Slayter as Chairman, Dr. Kaplan, Vice-Chairman, Commander Fairney, Secretary and Doctor Arnold Tingley as Treasurer. Dr. Von Maltzahn was put in charge of staff recruitment.

The main principles to guide the school were laid down by the Founders as follows:

- The school would cover all the provincial curriculum requirements, and more, to the highest possible academic standards taught by well-qualified and inspiring teachers. There was to be emphasis on mastery of spoken and written English, with love of and familiarity with its literature.
- Pupils were to become fluent in French, the second language of the country, by starting its study and use in the very first years of schooling. This was not the case in the public schools at that time and remember, this was in 1958 when Pierre Trudeau was still a figment of someone's imagination.
- Art and music were felt: "to permit the release of creativity and the imagination and offer discipline and training to the senses and thus were considered an intrinsic part of the curriculum of the lower school and early years of the upper school". Again, a contrast with the views held in the public education system of that time.
- The school was to be non-sectarian and religious instruction was excluded from the curriculum. However, teaching about the religions of the world was encouraged since it was felt: "to constitute an important part of the cultural history of man and foster a tolerance and understanding of others of different race, religion, nationality and outlook".
- Pupils were to be drawn from all levels of society and not exclusively from wealthy families. Indeed, when the school first opened two pupils were supported on full bursaries and several received partial support. This was provided from funds raised by the parents' group - an amazing commitment when you consider the economic pressures involved during that hectic startup period.
- Nor was admission to be restricted to so-called "gifted" children. The school was also for boys of average and superior ability who were prepared to work for their education. As Kaplan put it: "It is clear that we can offer no real challenge to the public schools if we demonstrate only that superior students can be brought to a high academic standard; this is simply to prove the obvious. Can we also bring the average and slightly above average pupil to a higher academic standard and to a better cultural level than he would have attained in the public school? Here is our real challenge to public education".
- The founding parents were quite a diverse group with many of them feeling rather uncomfortable with the idea of an elitist private school. Nevertheless, in the words of Dr. Stanley Wainwright, "the group was held together by the simple desire to provide a better education for their children".
- The school was to be for boys only. There were a number of reasons for this decision including such practical ones as the need for extra facilities in a co-educational school; but apparently one of the main reasons was the desire not to act as direct competition for pupils attending the two independent schools already established for girls.
- The school would start with classes up to grade six with the intention of adding one grade per year until a full complement up to grade twelve was achieved.
- The annual fees were set at \$350.00. A prospective school principal, Mr. Pengally, had been approached and indicated his willingness to serve if he could withdraw from his other obligations.

Thus by the end of July, the school had a Board of Governors, a set of guidelines and a prospective principal.

With seven weeks to go before opening, they turned themselves to the task of finding a building for the school. This proved to be a considerable hurdle. Throughout most of August, they scoured the real estate pages and the town for a suitable building to house the school. Hopes were raised when the St. Paul's church basement was made available. However, the Fire Marshall ruled that it was unsafe, which turned out to be a very prophetic and sound decision as a few months later the church basement was destroyed by fire.

Thus, one month before the school was due to open they had no building, they had provisional acceptance by



the principal, an advertisement for teachers had produced no response, they had no pupils, no furniture, no books, no school supplies and no curriculum - other than the set of general guidelines and principles. They did, however, have \$4.00 in the kitty for stamps. Although to many the task seemed impossible, virtually none of them gave up working to try and achieve the goal.

As time grew short, all possibilities were explored without success - including the Saraguay Club and the Salvation Army Home for Unwed Mothers - not exactly an ideal location for a boys' school.

Towards the end of August, hope was rekindled when a large clapboard house on 270 Tower Road was put up for sale. The cost was \$29,500.00 but the bank would carry the loan if the Founders could put up \$15,000.00 immediately. The decision was taken on the 26th August at a meeting in Dr. Slayter's house which ended at 1:45 in the morning. The following day, 15 Founders went out and each signed for a \$1,000.00 loan - thus securing the house. Remember that this was in the days when university professors earned approximately \$8,000.00 a year, so this was a very significant commitment. The following evening registration began in the Kaplan's living room at 104 Young Avenue. Now, at least, prospective pupils could be told where the school was to be situated. Forty-five applications were received that night. Dr. Von Maltzahn's education committee had been busily recruiting staff and ultimately selected three teachers with previous experience with young children. Their interviewing technique was unorthodox. One of the teachers recalls being interviewed in the back garden of the school where she reported that after a thorough but relaxed discussion, the executive committee retired to one corner of the garden, talked among themselves for a few moments, and then rejoined her to inform her that she had been hired.

And so, by early September, the group had a school building, teachers, and by now, 49 enrolled students. There were a few details to be ironed out in the remaining two weeks, such as, the conversion of the house into four classrooms, the addition of fire escapes, finding school furniture, supplies and books and converting the back garden into a playground. However, after what they had been through in the past four months, this task must have seemed like "chickenfeed" to this group. Desks abandoned by the Halifax school system were obtained for \$5.00 each, fire escapes were installed and Mrs. Von Maltzahn dug up the roses in the back garden to make a playground. Mrs. Myerhof set about stocking the school library. Many parents and friends chipped in - cleaning, redecorating and remodelling the inside of the house. A number of minor items such as blackboards were permanently "liberated" from other institutions considered to be excessively endowed.

All of this activity did not go unnoticed among the general public, the educational authorities and the press of Halifax, particularly with the likes of Kaplan stirring the pot. To no one's surprise, the proposed opening of the school had its critics, particularly among the Halifax school commissioners, one of whom felt it would create a "snobocracy". Others felt that it would "cater to all the nitwits and all the complexes". The founding group was also criticized for abandoning the public school system rather than trying to work and improve it from within. Many of the Founders and parents were very sensitive to these criticisms and one was quoted as saying: "when the public education system reaches the standards we want we will hand the school over to the city". The Halifax Mail Star, however, provided more constructive comment in an editorial on the 9th of September, 1958, saying: "The new school is the first evidence that at least some of the critics are sufficiently exercised to spend money and assume an awesome responsibility to support their criticism in a constructive way. Even so, it is questionable that the answer lies in a multiplicity of private efforts of this kind. More desirable is the transfer of the Grammar School's attitude to the public school system. Indeed, this effect, if it comes, is the principal contribution to education in Nova Scotia that the Grammar School offers".

And so, after a summer of herculean effort, the school opened as planned. In the first year, teaching was augmented by guest lectures from some Founders - Dr. John Szerb, Mr. Leonard Kitz and of course, the ubiquitous Dr. Kaplan.

Over the next three years, the school's reputation grew rapidly so that by 1961, 350 applications were received for 170 places.

By 1960, it was already apparent to the Board that a new building would be required. After an extensive search, the present two acre site on Atlantic Street was found - it was rather run-down and covered in wild raspberry and blackberry bushes. The Board wisely put the negotiations in the hands of Leonard Kitz. A key factor was the need to have the land rezoned by the city council as it was situated in a residential area. With great skill, planning and preparatory briefing of aldermen, Kitz guided the rezoning through the city council on the 30th of March, 1961. The fact that the parents' group packed the council hall probably did not harm his presentation.

The new building was erected in six months and occupied on the 3rd of January, 1962. Time, and your

patience, will not permit a full chronicle of the school's development. There is, however, one other chapter in the school's history that should be mentioned - because it was in a way the final test for the Founders. Beneath the successful surface, a crisis was brewing that very nearly destroyed the school.

A number of events involving discipline and school administration caused the Board to seriously doubt the performance of the headmaster. Over several months, a split developed within the parent body and within the teaching staff. This culminated in the spring of 1962 - just after the new building was occupied on Atlantic Street - in the resignation of the headmaster and some of the teachers, and ultimately led to the formation of Dartmouth Academy.

At one meeting, and there were many lively and some acrimonious meetings at this time, the parents defeated a motion of confidence in the school. Dr. Kaplan, chairing the meeting, leant across to Leonard Kitz, his vice-chairman, and asked him how he should respond. Kitz replied - "Tell them to go to hell". Kaplan consulted the other Board members and they agreed, though perhaps not in exactly the same words.

And so they hung on and Kaplan informed the parents that the school would continue functioning and a new headmaster would be appointed.

There have been other crises since and there will be others in the future - as there are in any organization or institution. The important thing is to have the right people in place to guide one through. Luckily in 1961-62, the Grammar School had the right people - Gordin Kaplan as Chairman of the Board and a solid group of Founders to support him.

In June of 1962 at the school's annual meeting, when the crisis had largely been weathered, Dr. Kaplan in his annual address to the parents concluded by saying - "Indeed while it is doubtless true that none of us would willingly go through the experiences of the last few months again, I think that few Board members would have missed it for the world. We are sure that our efforts and our faith in the Halifax Grammar School will be more than justified by its future".

How right you were Dr. Kaplan.

In yesterday's Chronicle Herald, an article on the school's anniversary celebrations concluded as follows: "It will be a time to remember the ambition of those who had the foresight to promote the school's beginning. It will also be a time to look forward to many more years of success in producing quality students and citizens".

And so tonight we are here to salute the Founders, those who are present and those who are absent. And therefore ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to charge your glasses, rise and drink the toast - "to the Founders of the Halifax Grammar School".

T.F. BASKETT  
24.9.88





# Clubs

# Debating Club

The Debating Club is still going strong and we seem to have picked up a few extra orators along the way. The talent is new, lively and full of ideas.

Debating is quickly recovering from the rule of O'Halloran, Plowman and Block. The new upstairs are learning quickly, and although we have had no chance to compete, there will be some good debaters representing HGS in the spring of 1989.

The difficult job of training the new blood has been undertaken by Mrs. Aterman who puts up with our lack of experience and will make bonafide debaters out of us yet.

Yours truly,  
Orators Anonymous



Front Row: Sarah Brennan, Aaron Hurst.

Back Row: Craig Burley, Mark McCallum, Andrew Jackson, Arthur Davis, Michael Kiang, Paul Simms.



# Senior Drama



Front Row: Mary Kate Arnold, Kathleen Murphy, Ann Roberts, Sarah Risley.  
Second Row: Emma Penick, David Finlayson, Felix Batcup, Andrea McCulloch, Jamie Stoltz, Laura Waters, Bessy Nikolaou, Shivana Sankar.  
Third Row: Jane Gould, Jen Trabert, Jessica Linzey, Imogen Hall, Kim Babcock, Tera Hurst, Suzanne Godsoe, Hannah Riding, Clare Roscoe, Lisa Gaum, Lesley Jackson, Mrs. Meinertzhagen, Amy Burns, Matthew Burns, Allyson Franklin, John Gould.  
Fourth Row: Sarah Brennan, Tammy Attia, Asim Wali, George Nikolaou, Martin Holland, Julia Carroll, Tami Meretsky, Markell Kiefer.

"The scene is a madhouse, and the focus is on three inmates who are nuclear physicists. One thinks he is Newton, and another, Einstein. The third has visitations from Solomon. They appear to be nice, likable lunatics, but then nothing is as simple as it seems. Are they really mad? Or are they playing some murderous game, with the world as the stake? Who is earnest, and who is the spy?"

The questions will be answered by this year's Upper School Drama Club production of *THE PHYSICISTS* by Friedrich Dürrenmatt. Fifty students are presently involved in preparing this play for the eagerly awaited opening night.

# Computer Clubs

## ON THE SUBJECT OF COMPUTER CLUBS

This year we got some new computers, IBM's. For this reason, the Prep school computer club has had practically exclusive use of the old Commodore 64's. They have been using them to learn the LOGO language. There are a few problems with these computers, but the number of problems is matched by the enthusiasm of the children. The people who supervise this learning opportunity are: Chris Maxwell for the Prep Ones and Twos; Kathleen Murphy and Anne Roberts for the Prep Threes; and Lisa Gaum and Julia Carroll for the Prep Fours on the new IBM's.

Chris Maxwell



Front Row: Erik Demaine, Adam Denton, Linnet Finley, Elizabeth Dodds, Lewis Wolff, Tressa LeBlanc, Charlie Underwood, Craig Oliver, Michael Smith, Jason Giovannetti, Anthony Abato.  
Second Row: Meg Pooley, Michael DeGrasse, James Wolff, Jessica Burnstein, James Perry, Alexa Smith, Ashley Seaman, Alexis Green, Ashleigh McKenna.  
Third Row: Fiona Liston, John Beauchamp, Matthew Brannon, Toby Stoltz, Billy Mastrapas, Nicholas Woolnough, Lauren Abrahams, Ashoka Mukpo, Jamie Reid, Thomas Brooks, Zoe Nichols, Jennifer Wheatley, Laura Grey, Krista Landrigan, Darah Gaum.  
Fourth Row: Zavin Nazaretian, Andrew Muncaster, Danny Roscoe, Peter Hunter, Jenny Oliver, Kenzie MacDonald, Kevin Moore.



# Junior and Senior Choirs



Front Row: Kevin Moore, Bethany Lander, Rushmi Malavi, Alicia Miller, Sarah Bercholz, Vanessa Hayward, Mark Henderson, Natalie Glube.  
Back Row: Laura Grey, Molly Grindley, Janet Cooper, Kate Perry, Jennifer Aldrich, Tara Waldman, Meredith Murphy, Jennifer Chetwynd, Rebecca Rome, Joanne Coxon, Erica Wilson.

Close to 40 singers make up the Junior and Senior choirs of the Halifax Grammar School. The choirs are preparing for the annual trip to the Independent Schools Music Festival in Toronto in April as well as for various school events throughout the year. The most enthusiastic group of singers this year have come from Grade 4 who were not satisfied with singing only once a week but requested to have rehearsals twice a week. Hence the junior choir now meets on both Tuesday and Wednesday lunch hours.

The senior choir has been rehearsing songs from the fifties, the kind of music that was popular when the school was founded thirty years ago and plan to perform this music at some appropriate event during the school's various celebrations of the 30th anniversary.



Hannah Riding, Joy Laing, Bessy Nikolaou, Beth Pyesmany, Stacey Godsoe, Shivana Sankar, Kirsten Flinn.

# Chess Club

During the past few years, the Chess Club has become more and more informal at the Senior High level. Despite the lack of true organization, however, the Upper 4, 5, and 6 classes still contain many keen chess players, and informal games are often being played. Hopefully, another tournament, won last year by Mike Barker, can be arranged this year. However, this year Mr. Gray is offering chess lessons to Upper 1, 2, and 3, and they have responded enthusiastically.

Giving credit where credit is due, we thank Mr. Gray for his promotion of the game. His teaching and commentary are invaluable to the rest of us.

Craig Burley



Front Row: Jamie Stolz, James Dodds, Ata Ertogen, Willie Grover, Gordon Pease.

Back Row: Daniel Thompson, Craig Burley, Chris Stairs, Greg Cummings, Mark McCallum, Arthur Davis, Andrew Jackson.



# Grammarian



Lisa Gaum, Beth Chernin, Allison Cooper, Julia Carroll, Tami Meretsky, John Gould, Toni Freid, Jean Grindley, Maggie Arnold, Jon McKeever, Hugh Thompson (absent).

Being editor of The Grammarian is a unique experience - and one neither of us wants to repeat, at least not until we've recovered from this time. Every few months another deadline emerges from the shadows, throwing the rest of our lives into chaos as we struggle to meet it. We've become irritable, excitable, forgetful, irrational and probably paranoid as well. Having been told such experience builds character, we are beginning to wonder what sort of character it builds.

Apart from complaints (and complaining is one of the few privileges we've acquired) we have gained experience in the past months. We've learned at last the importance of all the things like organization that were supposedly drilled into us years ago; we've begun to appreciate the achievements of those who helped to put the Grammarian together before us; and we've made an enormous mess in my basement. We would like to thank the rest of the staff -- the business editors: Julia Carroll, Lisa Gaum and Jon McKeever -- the assistant editors: Maggie Arnold and Andrew Sacamano -- the photographers: Tami Meretsky, Hugh Thompson, John Gould, Beth Chernin, Allison Cooper, Mike Cowie and Miss Silver -- Dr. Chapman for all her advice and for prodding us when we needed it, and everyone who contributed in any way to the 1989 edition of The Grammarian.

-Jean Grindley  
-Toni Fried

# The Grammar Gazette



Front: Alicia Miller, Erica Wilson, Janet Cooper, Martha Lawrence, James Perry, David Rapson.  
Middle: Bethany Lander, Rachel Glube, Claire Hinnell, Mara Green, Alexander Wilson, Natalie Glube, Kerry Kindred, Molly Grindley.  
Back: Billy Nikolaou, Georgina Mastrapas, Lindsay Davis, Jennifer DeGrasse, Emma Townsend-Gault, Bradley McCallum, Katherine McDougall, Irene Zouros, Aylin Alemdar.

## The Grammar Gazette

The Grammar Gazette started three years ago and is the school newspaper for the Prep School. We call it "The first morning newspaper for grade school kids." We publish an issue every month and take stories from people who are in our club. We also take stories from teachers who have something that someone wrote in class that is really good. Our club is a lot of fun and we are busy typing up the stories, putting pages together and finding small pictures for the newspaper. We are going to take the extra money we make after printing and have a party at the end of the year.

This year we have two editors and several people who have special jobs to do. Ms. Porteous works with us and likes this club because she used to work for a newspaper once. We try to get stories from each grade and we make up a list of the big stories in the school for that month. We even have contests, jokes, riddles, puzzles, reviews, art and stories. We sell the paper for 30 cents and we usually sell out.

Kate Perry  
Janet Cooper  
Editors in Chief





### Fun With Paper Club

Prep 1 and 2 alternate sessions for Paper Club as we have found such large numbers this year. Busy fingers can be found folding and creating masterpieces during Monday lunch hours in the Primary Room.

A wide variety of paper experiences are provided and a changing display of our work is on view in the Prep School Library.

- Mrs. Moxon.



# Prep School Drama



Front: Marc Beauchamp, Anthony Abato, Lizzie Dodds, Alexis Green, Darah Gaum, Danny Roscoe, Toby Stoltz, Charlie Underwood, Michael Smith, Krista Landrigan.  
Middle: Zoe Nichols, Laura Gray, Jessica Burnstein, Lauren Abrahams, Ashley Seaman, Alexa Smith, Jennifer Wheatley, Alicia Miller, Tressa LeBlanc, Michael DeGrasse, Nicholas Woolnough, Ivan Bercholz.  
Back: Lindsay Davis, Meredith Murphy, Gregg Davis, Jennifer Gray, Alexander Wilson, Erika Wilson, Matthew Brannan, John Beauchamp, Zavin Nazaretian, Fiona Liston.

## Prep School Drama

Every Tuesday, from 3:20 to 4:20, the prep school drama club meets. During the months of September and October, nine upper school students met to swap and share some potential drama activities, and "try them out" with each other. Each of these drama co-ordinators also put together file box activities to use with the prep school students.

There are approximately 80 prep school students in the club, and they are divided up with the co-ordinators. In smaller groups they are becoming more confident speakers, actors and actresses, and they are experimenting with movement, mime, stage presence and improvisations. Drama is a wonderful "confidence-builder" and a great opportunity to use the imagination! Not only that, but it's really fun!!!

Miss Gillin and upper school co-ordinators



# Student Council

For our first dance of the year, the generous donation of Mr. X enabled us to hire a video show, which helped make the evening very successful. At the time of this writing, we have just held a second video dance, and were very happy to see many students in attendance once again. As we prepare for Winter Carnival, we are certain that the great enthusiasm that has been shown by the students of HGS through the year will continue.

Our involvement in the outside community has been marked by Jane Gould's efforts toward the adoption of a foster child, three-year-old Ravindra Yadav of Bombay, India, as a 30th Anniversary gift for the students of HGS; and by Kim Babcock's work toward raising funds in the school for UNICEF.

Other current projects include an ongoing program of guest speakers from such organizations as UNICEF and Amnesty International, the lunchtime canteen, and the revival of the SAC Lollipop Day.

The Council would like to thank Mrs. DeGrasse, our faculty advisor, for her invaluable supervision; Kim Babcock, Andrea McCulloch, and Clare Roscoe for their wholehearted support in all of our projects; and the many other students and staff at HGS who have generously contributed their ideas and energy to our work.

Michael Kiang  
President



Front: Kathleen Murphy, Kim Babcock, Giles Oland, Grant Wong, Mike Kiang, Doug Penick.

Back: Allison Cooper, Asim Wali, Jane Gould, John Gould, Daniel Thompson.

# The Math Club

The Math Club has finally gotten off the ground this year. With several "devoted" members coming regularly, and a few fringe dwellers, the club has been considered a success. We have been sharpening our skills by going over old contests, and discussing our answers at the meetings. Michael Kiang has been a great help in providing the answers to those annoying, difficult, and sometimes enraging questions.

-Andrew Sacamano



Matthew O'Dor, Mark McCallum, Arthur Davis, Craig Burley, Andrew Sacamano, Mike Kiang.



# Fencing



Front: Danny Roscoe, Toby Stoltz, John Beauchamp, Michael DeGrasse, Noah Watson.  
Back: Drum Woodside, Paul Simms, Andrew Jackson, Jamie Stoltz, Mrs. Scobbie.

H.G.S.'s Fencing Club is still large and is developing new talents. This does not mean just training the rookies, but widening our expertise as well. Fencing at H.G.S. has now many representatives in all three weapons: foil, epee and saber. We are proud to say that at any tournament there will probably be at least one entry from H.G.S. in each weapon. This year the school's team of Andrew Sacamano, Andrew Jackson and Paul Simms has managed to win back the Broadsword Trophy and also win the Annual Team Tournament.

Fencing is a year-round sport at H.G.S. and we represent the school at some thirteen odd tournaments per year. Many thanks are owed to Brian Bishop, who helps instruct the club in epee and saber, but our successes are mainly due to Mrs. Scobbie, who keeps us going.

-Andrew Jackson

# Badminton

Front: Paul Murphy, Guy Germaine, James Dodds, Susan Crocker, Emma Penick, Sarah Brennan, Natalie Vladi.

Middle: Hugh Thompson, Warren Auld, Paul Klonowski, Billy Said, J.P. Bowers, Matthew Thompson, Matthew Burns, Adrian Cameron.

Back: Jessica Linzay, Gordon Pease, Ata Erdogan, Douglas Penick, Harold Roscoe, David McFarlane, Arun Goomar, Brent MacDonald, Lars Mitchell.



# Gymnastics

Front: Molly Grindley, Jenny Chetwynd, Natalie Glube, Jennifer DeGrasse, Lindsay Davis, Marcy Laing, Joanne Coxon.

Middle: Jennifer Franklin, Eriskay Liston, Alana Tervo, Hannah Blades, Catherine Davis, Georgina Mastrapas, Joanna Trager, Aylin Alemdar, Rebecca Rome.

Back: Martha Lawrence, Catherine McDougall, Meredith Murphy, Erika Wilson, Mara Green, Alicia Miller, Sarah Bercholz, Bethany Lander.

# Running Club

Front: Chandali Mukpo, Matthew Brannon, Zavin Nazaretian, Billy Nikolaou, Noah Watson.

Middle: Toby Stolz, Chris Coxon, Jenny Oliver, Peter Brannon, Robbie Cameron, Evan Petley-Jones, Andrew Muncaster, Danny Roscoe.

Back: Meg Pooley, Kenzie MacDonald, Claire Hinnell, Julie Henderson, Jennifer DeGrasse, Peter Hunter, John Beauchamp.





# Sports

## Under 13 Soccer

HGS participated in the Under 13 Boys' Canadian Independent School Soccer Tournament in Montreal. An outstanding performance came from Matthew Thompson.

Front: Colin MacDonald, David Rapson, William Landymore, Giles Oland, Paul Murphy, Guy Germaine, Peter Brannon.

Back: Andrew McFarlane, Ata Erdogan, David McFarlane, Harold Roscoe, Matthew Thompson, Nat Pearre, Mete Erdogan.



## Junior Boys' Soccer

The team, led by Trevor Greenwood, David McFarlane and Doug Penick, competed in the Halifax city A Boys' Soccer Division.

Front: Paul Murphy, David Finlayson, Giles Oland.

Middle: Warren Auld, Harold Roscoe, Douglas Penick, Adrian Cameron, Lars Mitchell.

Back: Gordon Pease, Trevor Greenwood, Ariz Goomar, Brent MacDonald, David McFarlane, Ata Erdogan.

## Senior Boys' Soccer

The team participated in Exhibition matches against teams in the area. It lost to King's Edgehill in the Regional Final. George Nikolaou anchored the defence, while Mike Barker and Jason Holt provided scoring punch.

Front: Sean Kirby.

Middle: Hugh Thompson, Paul Baskett, Daniel Thompson, George Nikolaou, Paul Klonowski, Craig Burley.

Back: Asim Wali, Greg Cummings, Jon Cook, Michael Barker, Billy Said, Grant Wong.





## Junior Girls' Soccer

The team competed in a very strong Halifax City League. The highlight of the season was scoring our one (and only) goal. Outstanding performances were given by Sarah Brennan and Judy Halebsky.

Front: Sarah Brennan, Hannah Riding, Tammy Attia.

Middle: Jennifer Hinnell, Jenny Silverman, Emily Crow, Sarah Risley, Kirsten Flinn.

Back: Jessica Lane, Allyson Franklin, Imogen Hall, Susan Crocker.



## Senior Girls' Soccer

HGS defeated Sacred Heart School in an exhibition game and participated in Regional play-offs at King's-Edgehill. Jane Gould and Ashton Horne were the team's outstanding players.

Front: Andrea McCulloch.

Middle: Ashton Horne, Sally Nanton, Tami Meretsky, Amy Burns.

Back: Beverly Williams, Clare Roscoe, Kim Babcock, Jane Gould.

## Junior Boys' Volleyball

Upper 1-3 boys competed in the Halifax City 'B' Division. - Mike McDougall and Warren Auld led the team in both blocking and kills all year.

Front: Joachim Steffen, David Finlayson.

Middle: Michael McDougall, Warren Auld, Doug Penick, Adrian Cameron, Giles Oland.

Back: Gordon Pease, Arun Goomar, Brent MacDonald, David McFarlane, Ata Erdogan.



# Senior Boys' Volleyball

Upper 4-6 boys played exhibition matches against teams in the area. - Outstanding performances came from Mike Barker, Paul Baskett and Grant Wong.

Front: Asim Wali, Paul Baskett, Daniel Thompson, George Nikolaou, Paul Klonowski, Jared Stern.  
Back: Sean Kirby, Jonathan Cook, Michael Barker, Billy Said, Grant Wong, Bob Carter.



# Junior Girls' Volleyball

A short season with the City "B" League was marked by strong performances by Judy Halebsky, Susan Crocker and Imogen Hall.

Front: Emily Crow, Hannah Riding, Emma Penick.  
Middle: Bessy Nikolaou, Jenny Silverman, Stacey Godsoe, Tricia Joyce, Natalie Vladi.  
Back: Laura Waters, Tera Hurst, Allyson Franklin, Susan Crocker, Imogen Hall.



# Senior Girls' Volleyball

HGS won the Metro League by defeating Armbrae and Sacred Heart. The team placed third at Regional play-offs in Hants North. Congratulations to Graduates Clare Roscoe, Kim Babcock, Andrea McCulloch and Jane Soderro for a fine season!

Front: Andrea McCulloch, Ashton Horne, Tami Meretsky, Amy Burns.  
Back: Beverly Williams, Clare Roscoe, Kim Babcock, Jane Gould.





## Bantam Boys' A and B

Bantam Boys' 'A' participated in the Halifax City Minor League. - Outstanding player was "Top Ten" scorer, Ata Erdogan and his partner on the boards: Giles Oland.

Bantam Boys 'B' played in the Halifax City Minor League. - Top performances came from the experience of Paul Murphy and Craig Silverman; 1st year player: Andrew Barker was also outstanding.

Front: Alexander Wilson, Colin MacDonald, David Pink, Ben Alexander, Martin Laycock, Craig Silverman, Andrew Barker.

Back: David Rapson, Peter Brannon, Mete Erdogan, Andrew McFarlane, William Landymore.



## Junior Boys' Basketball

Upper 1-3 boys participated in the Halifax City 'B' Boys' League - Top performances came from Mike McDougall, Matthew Thompson and David McFarlane.

Front: Giles Oland, Arun Goomar, Ata Erdogan, Gray Miles.

Back: Matthew Thompson, Michael McDougall, Warren Auld, David McFarlane.

## Midget Boys

Midget Boys competed in the Halifax City Minor Leagues. - Outstanding performances came from Brent MacDonald, Matthew Thompson and David McFarlane.

Front: David Finlayson, Douglas Penick, Matthew Burns.

Back: David McFarlane, Brent MacDonald, Harold Roscoe, Matthew Thompson, Arun Goomar.



# Senior Boys' Basketball

Upper 4-6 competed in the Halifax City Triple 'A' boys' Basketball League. - The boys were led by guards Mishko Hansen and Asim Wali, as well as forwards Mike Barker and Grant Wong.

Front: Shane Nichols, George Nikolaou, Paul Baskett, Daniel Thompson.  
Back: Asim Wali, John Gould, Mishko Hansen, Greg Cummings, Grant Wong, Michael Barker, Michael Risley, Bob Carter.



## Bantam Girls' Basketball

Bantam Girls' Basketball team was very competitive in the Minor Basketball League. They competed in provincials. - Jennifer Franklin, Jennifer Hinnell, Irene Zorous and Jessica Linzey displayed outstanding form.

Front: Martha Lawrence, Hannah Blades, Eriskay Liston, Irene Zouros, Jennifer Hinnell, Catherine McDougall.  
Back: Emma Penick, Natalie Vladi, Tera Hurst, Jennifer Franklin, Catherine Davis, Kerry Kindred.

## Junior Girls' Basketball

The team participated in City 'B' League and was very competitive for a first year team. - Outstanding performances came from Jennifer Shippee and Jessica Linzey.

Front: Hannah Riding, Jennifer Hinnell, Judy Halebsky, Tara Hurst.  
Back: Kathleen Murphy, Jessica Linzey, Jennifer Shippee, Jessica Lane, Laura Waters, Jennifer Silverman.





# Senior Girls' Basketball

The team had a very strong season competing in the Metro 'B' League. The highlight of season was Jane Gould's winning basket at the buzzer vs. Prince Andrew. It was an outstanding season for Jane Gould and Clare Roscoe.

Front: Jane Gould, Jen Trabert, Tami Meretsky, Markell Kiefer.  
Back: Julia Carroll, Beverly Williams, Clare Roscoe, Kim Babcock, Jane Sodero.



# Mini Basketball

After a slow start in the Minor League the Mini's moved into the Jr. League and proceeded to improve. It was a great season for Daniel Franklin, Peter Lawrence, Julie Henderson and Claire Hinnell.

Front: Billy Nikolaou, Gowan Tervo, Daviv Totten, Peter Lawrence, Mark Henderson.

Back: Daniel Franklin, Jennifer DeGrasse, Claire Hinnell, Julie Henderson, Scott McKenna, Joseph Rosenberg.



# House Captains' Reports

## ACADIA

As the year progresses, it certainly looks as though it might belong to Acadia. With Prep I-III winning both soccer and volleyball and Upper IV-VI claiming the trophy in volleyball the rest of the year promising with all members of Acadia House playing diligently. As far as future events go I see no problem for us to capture track & field honours again and to put our all into intramurals for the rest of the year. In terms of non-athletic activities Acadia won the Prep school 'Lip Synch' contest and hosted the Prep & Upper school chess tournament. Thanks must definitely go out to Mark and Brad McCallum, Acadia's assistant house captains, and Suzanne Godsoe, the house's irrepressible spirit leader.

P.S. Thanks to the old folks (Ms Meehan & Mr. Evans) for their undying enthusiasm.

Respectfully Submitted,  
Felix Batcup  
Captain, Acadia House

## GLOOSCAP

Increased participation in the intramural program for this year was due to the excellent organization on the part of all who contributed to the House system as well as to the motivating spirit of the students. Glooscap has been playing very well and I am confident that this success will continue through to the end of the year. None of these results could have been accomplished without the devoted help I have received from the Spirit Leader, Andrea McCulloch, the Assistant Captain, Tami Meretsky, and Lower School Captain, Eriskay Liston. Many thanks to Ms. Scobbie, Mr. Evans, and Ms. Meehan for their support and encouragement. With support and spirit like this year's Glooscap should continue winning in the years to come.

J-P Bewers  
Glooscap House Captain

## ROYALS

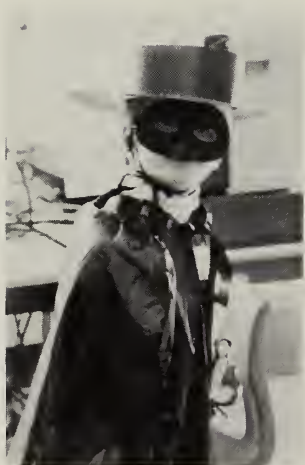
Royals have been having a great year so far, battling it out for the #1 position. We have done quite well in soccer and volleyball intramurals and plan to clean up in the upcoming basketball. There has not only been quite a lot of enthusiasm and excitement in the gym, but also in other areas of the school. Particularly, the prep school lip-sync contest was a lot of fun where first place went to Royals, with the Supremes and "Stop in the Name of Love" (great job Jen, Lindsay and Joanna). We hope the rest of the year will continue to be as great. Special thanks to Asim Wali (assistant Captain) and Kim Babcock for doing such an excellent job. Stay psyched guys.

Clare Roscoe  
Royals House Captain



# Special Events

# Hallowe'en





# Christmas

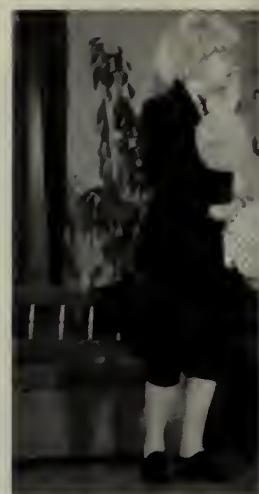








# The Physicists



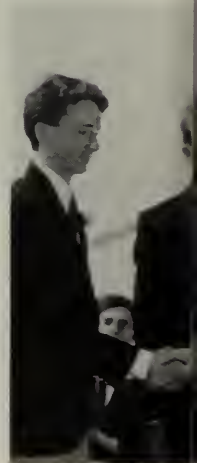




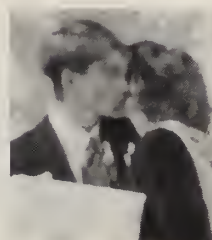
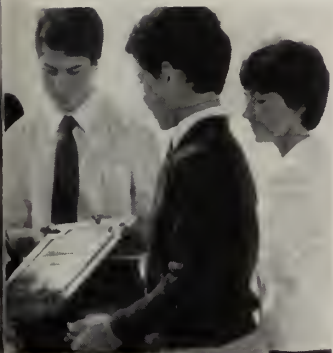
# Graduation 1988

## Graduating Class of '88:

Victor Bigio  
Eric Block  
Sheva Carr  
Philip Collier  
Al Davis  
Troy Dolomont  
Carmen MacInnis  
Holly McCurdy  
Matthew O'Halloran  
Matthew Oland  
Robert Plowman  
Munju Ravindra  
Daniel Rees  
Miles Sheridan  
Michael Stephens  
Kersti Tacreiter  
Mark Wathen







#### Athletic Awards:

Soccer- Most Valuable Player Trophy .....	Michael Stephens
Girls' Volleyball- Most Valuable Player Trophy .....	Al Davis
Junior Female Athletic Award .....	Jennifer Franklin
Junior Male Athletic Award .....	Ata Erdogan
Fencing Champion .....	Paul Simms
Badminton Singles Trophy .....	Matthew Thompson
Badminton Doubles Trophy .....	Arun Goomar, David MacFarlane
Outstanding Intermediate Female Athlete .....	Jane Gould
Outstanding Intermediate Male Athlete .....	David MacFarlane
Basketball- Most Valuable Player Trophy Boys' .....	Matthew O'Halloran, Michael Stephens
Basketball- Most Valuable Player Trophy Girls' .....	Holly McCurdy
Junior Basketball Sportsmanship .....	Michael McDougall
Outstanding Senior Female Athlete .....	Al Davis
Outstanding Senior Male Athlete .....	Michael Stephens
House Trophy .....	Glooscap

#### Grammarians Awards:

Prep 3, 4 .....	Julie Chamagne
Prep 5, 6 .....	Hannah Blades
Upper 1, 2, 3 .....	Andrew Sacamano
Upper 4, 5, 6 .....	Rob Plowman

#### Science Fair Awards:

Upper 1 .....	David MacFarlane
Upper 2 .....	Jennifer Silverman
Upper 3 .....	Andrew Sacamano

#### Mathematics Awards:

University of Waterloo "Euclid" Contest .....	Michael Kiang, Steve Oore
University of Waterloo "Fermat" Contest .....	Michael Kiang, Steve Oore
Canadian National Mathematics League .....	Matthew O'Halloran, Miles Sheridan
Canadian Association of Physicists Contest .....	Miles Sheridan
University of Waterloo Junior High Contest .....	Craig Burley, Andrew Sacamano

Markus Jannasch Memorial Trophy- Senior Cross-Country Run ..... Michael Stephens, Sarah Newman

#### Nancy Moir Hawkins Memorial Award-

Outstanding Overall Contribution .....	Eric Block
--	------------

Prep School Award for Progress ..... Paul Murphy

Ian Spencer Award ..... Ata Erdogan

#### The O'Halloran Trophy- Excellence in Academics and

Leadership in Upper 1, 2 or 3 ..... Amy Block

Walter Leslie Shield- All Round Excellence ..... Daniel Rees

Birks Medal- Outstanding Leadership ..... Matthew O'Halloran

#### Lieutenant Governor's Medal- Excellence in Academics

and Leadership in Upper 5 ..... Michael Kiang, Clare Roscoe

Award of Merit- High Academic Achievement ..... Matthew O'Halloran

#### Queen Elizabeth II Medal- Highest Academic Achievement in

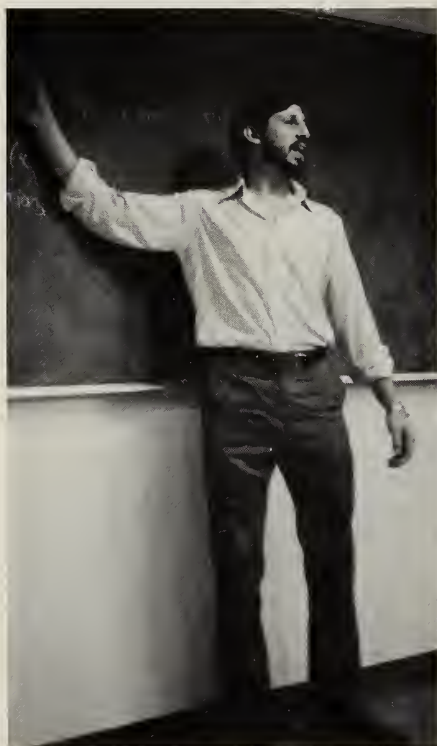
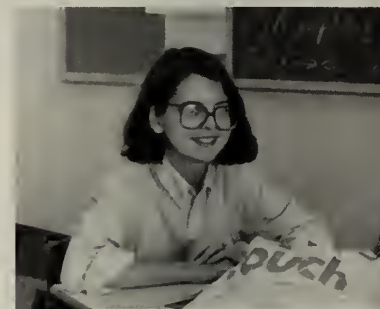
English and 4 Other Subjects,  
in the graduating class ..... Miles Sheridan

Governor General's Medal- Highest Academic Achievement ..... Miles Sheridan

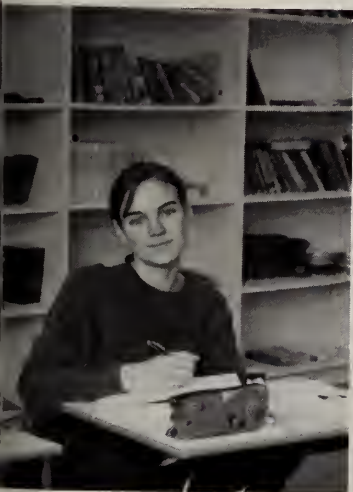
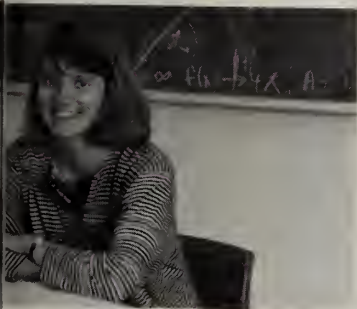
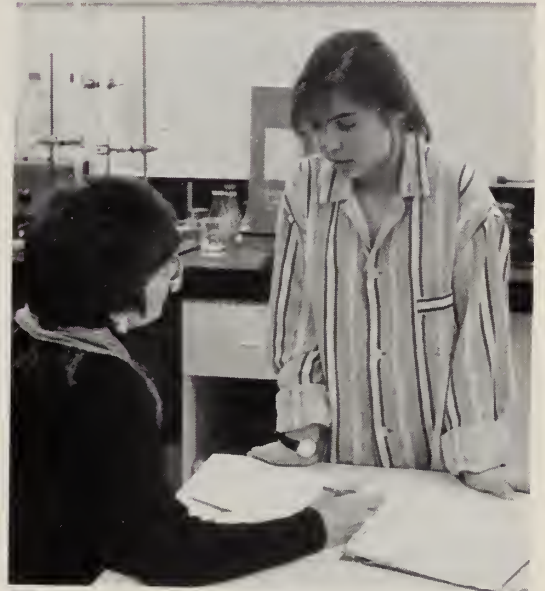
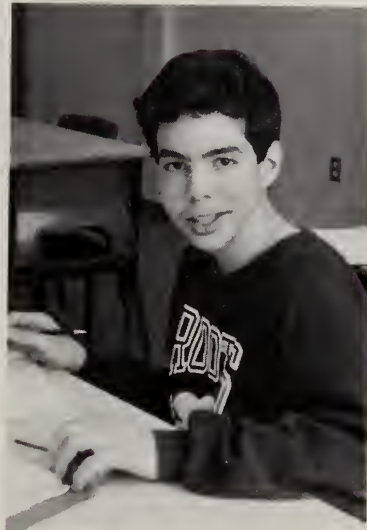
12 Year Pins ..... Troy Dolomont, Kersti Tacreiter

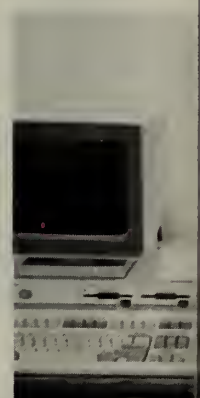
















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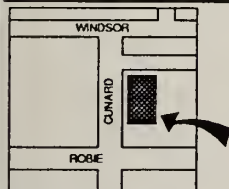
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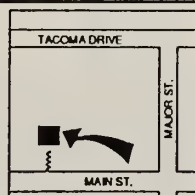
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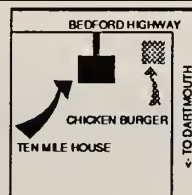
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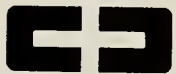
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HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

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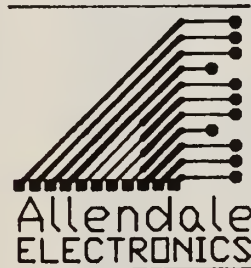


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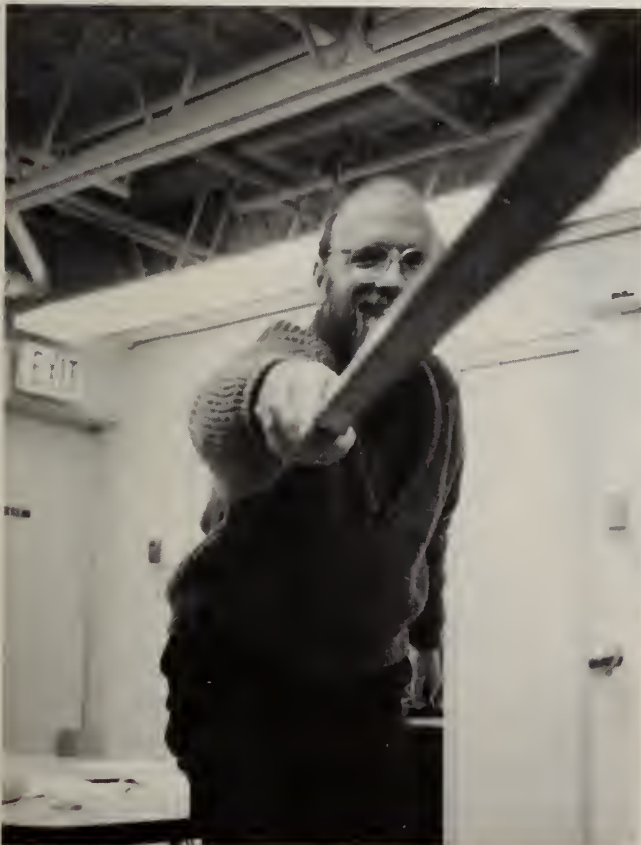
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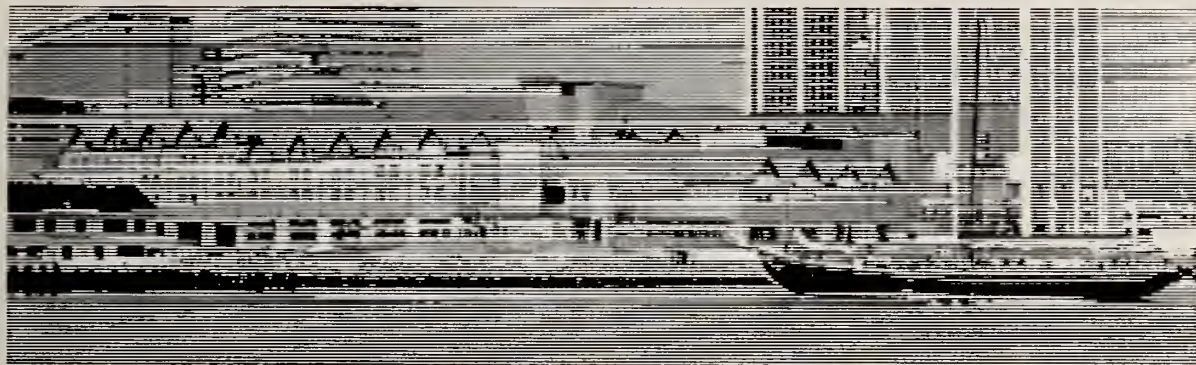
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